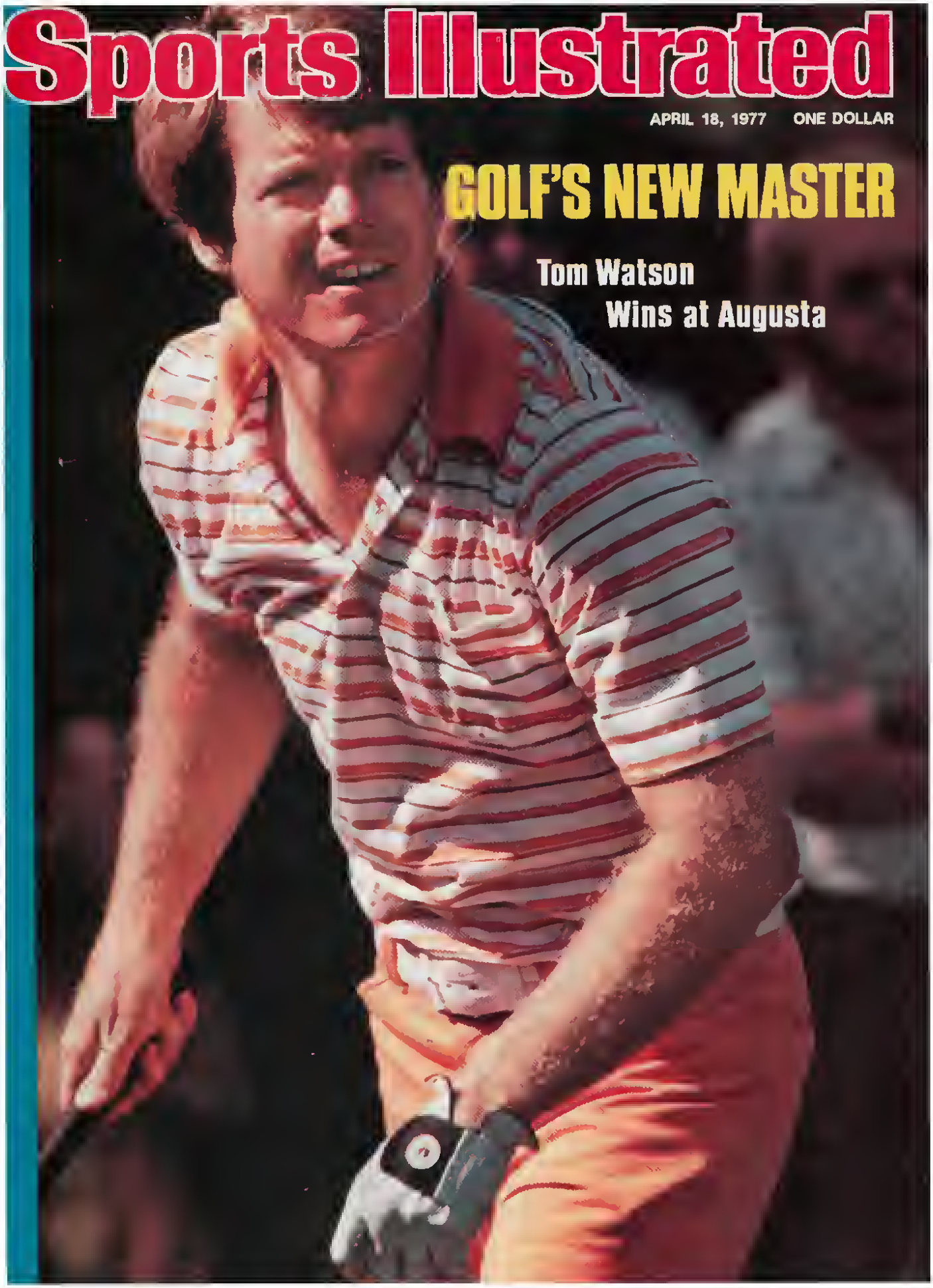
Sports Illustrated

APRIL 18, 1977 ONE DOLLAR

GOLF'S NEW MASTER

Tom Watson Wins at Augusta





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Howard J. Olsen, Inc., is an ingenious San Francisco construction firm that takes on the tough jobs. The kind that require a lot of pre-bid planning and pre-job surveys. Employers of Wausau provides five lines of business insurance to this policyholder. Our work with them begins with the preliminary stages of every project, so their insurance needs can be as precisely engineered as manpower and materials.

A while back, Olsen won a bid to modify the San Francisco International Airport parking structure. Upgraded earthquake standards were among the reasons to alter the basic design of the partly completed facility.

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Come to the source



Employers Insurance of Wausau

Wausau, Wisconsin



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Next Week

THE ICEMAN, otherwise known as George Gervin of the San Antonio Spurs, comath to try to cool off the defending champion Boston Celtics in the first round of the NBA playoffs. Curry Kirkpatrick reports the battle of the Alamo

JELLYFISH AND BARNACLES are a cinch, says Jack Rudloe, who collects marine specimens for laboratories, but try to fill an order for a gallon of shark's blood and all hell is liable to break loose. Ever get whacked in the eye by the tail of a dead shark?

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The energy peril examined, explained and exposed.

The time has come for the American people—the man on the sidewalk—to face brutal facts:

1. The energy peril is not some mysterious manipulation by greedy corporations and desert royalty; it is real, it is here, and it *is* a peril.
2. What solutions exist are not simple, nor do they allow for hazardous dilly-dallying. They'll require sacrifices from everyone, and a consequent adjustment in life style for us all.
3. Unless we cut waste and conserve energy in every conceivable way, life is going to be a lot harder than most of us have ever experienced.
4. Even with massive conservation, unless we start building right now to supply the energy we'll need in a few more years, the opportunities to earn a living will shrink; the underprivileged will have little chance to escape lasting poverty.
5. If we do what *must* be done —without delay—we can ensure a better, brighter America.

We must start by looking facts in the face, and recognizing realities.

FACT: For some 30 years after World War II we, as a people, gave little thought to our country's energy supply. We took for granted it would always be available at a reasonable price. We used it fully to attain new heights in our standard of living.

REALITY: Never again must we use energy thoughtlessly. It is not endless. It is not cheap. It must be conserved.

FACT: At our present rate of consumption and growth, over the next 24 years we will use as much energy as we consumed in our first 200 years.

REALITY: We cannot go on at this pace. Without massive conservation, more efficient energy use, and a carefully planned increase in energy supply, we will not be able to sustain a healthy economy.

FACT: We now import more than 40% of the oil we consume —more than when the embargo hit us—and 13% of the gas. Together these imports make up 21% of our total energy consumption.

REALITY: Our finite amounts of these resources make it impossible to eliminate all imports—but they can, and must, be reduced for security and financial reasons.

FACT: Government officials warn that by early in the next century oil and gas will be gone or going. Yet, we are using them for 73% of our energy demand.

REALITY: We have reached a critical transition period in our history. Once again we must change our primary energy source—as we did from wood to coal, coal to oil —and rely on oil and gas for only those tasks where there is no substitute.

FACT: Coal is our most abundant energy source. We have enough to sustain a greater use of coal for hundreds of



years, yet we now use it for only 20% of our needs. Another under-used source is nuclear energy, which we use for less than 4% of our needs.

REALITY: Coal must be allowed to assume the load long carried by oil and gas. However, despite its abundance, a reliable evaluation of our ability to increase coal production and transportation fast enough makes obvious the need for increased nuclear energy to share part of the load.

FACT: The substitution of coal and uranium for gas and oil can be accomplished with maximum flexibility, minimum time, and the least disruption to our total economy by their conversion to electricity.

REALITY: It took 50 years for this nation to shift from wood to coal. It took 50 years to shift from coal to oil. Now we do not have 50 years to shift from oil to anything else. We have 10—or 15 at the most. Electricity is our most convenient and efficient vehicle for conversion, transportation and utilization of available resources.

FACT: Conservation of energy and ending waste are absolute necessities. They are, in themselves, a source of energy.

REALITY: If we continue to squander and waste, any effort to increase the supply to meet growing demands will result in wheel spinning.

FACT: The more we conserve and eliminate energy waste the less building of expensive energy-producing plants will be necessary. But even the ultimate in conservation cannot eliminate the need to build power generation for the future.

REALITY: A growing population, and increasing labor force, and more opportunity for our disadvantaged call for a healthy economy—which will require the application of more energy than can be obtained from vital conservation. In the last analysis, conservation does not generate additional energy any more than saving increases your take-home pay.

FACT: Power supply facilities cannot be built overnight. Ten to twelve years are needed for a nuclear plant, five to six for a coal-fired plant, and four to five years for a major transmission line. If everyone along the way is reasonable and cooperative.

REALITY: Time is a problem, a basic element of the energy peril. Americans respond heroically to immediate needs, but not well to situations that will become critical in five to ten years. Unfortunately, once energy supply becomes critical it will remain critical for a long time because of construction leadtimes. The longer the delay the greater the danger.

FACT: There is a clear connection between the availability of applied energy and jobs, standard of living, general economic strength.

REALITY: If we are to live in a better America, we must recognize that the carefully planned construction of environmentally sound power units which will insure an adequate supply of energy in the years ahead is crucial to the solution of our energy peril.

We await eagerly President Carter's comprehensive energy policy. We are encouraged by indications of the direction it will take.

It is our sincere hope that reasonable men will accept with reasonableness the adjustments and sacrifices that will be necessary. And that all will recognize that time is the enemy which forces an attack upon both halves of the energy problem simultaneously: demand, by conservation—supply, by construction.

With unswerving faith in the American people, and in the bright future of our nation, we pledge to dedicate our knowledge and depth of experience in electric power needs, generation and transmission to a land of greater opportunity for all men.

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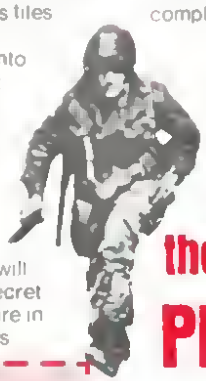
In *Prelude to War*—your introductory volume—you will relive the uneasy peace of 1918 to 1939. You will examine the fateful errors, the head-in-the-sand attitude of the major powers, the urgent steps that should have been taken—but weren't. You will probe the roots of war ... watch the Nazis' secret military preparations ... Mussolini's adventure in Ethiopia ... Chamberlain's futile negotiations. You will understand why it all happened as it did.

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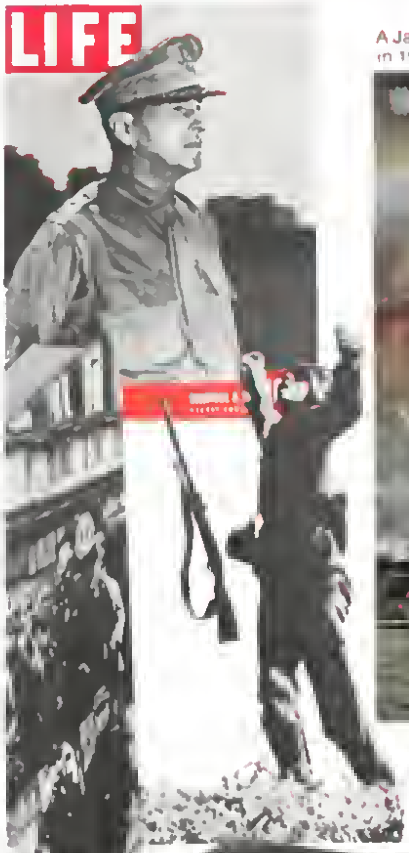
what it was really like...

WAR II

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LIFE



A Japanese kamikaze plane thunders toward the deck of the new U S carrier *Hornet* in 1945 It missed as did all others that attacked the ship during 52 days of action



In the last days of the Battle of France two German engineers use a flame thrower to mop up Maginot Line defenders





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A ground crew loads a 550-pound bomb into a shark-faced Stuka dive bomber, one of the Luftwaffe a most devastating planes



Shopwalk

by LOWELL COHN

THE SOFA BIKE IS IDEAL FOR THOSE WHO ARE PRONE TO RIDE IN THAT POSITION

The Count de Sivrac was an ingenious fellow. In 1791 he invented perhaps one of the first functioning bicycles, a crude, pedal-less monstrosity on which he would tool around the palace by pushing his feet against the ground. Since his contraption had no steering mechanism or brakes, he almost surely invented the bicycle crash as well.

Bicycle science has progressed slowly since 1791. Foot pedals, pneumatic tires, hand brakes and derailleur gears are all significant advances, but very few people successfully tampered with the count's basic concept—that is, until Craig Mitchell, a 27-year-old metallurgical engineer from Fairfax, Calif. came along.

Mitchell recently unveiled something called the sofa cycle, a radical alternative to conventional bike design. The idea is to have a rider lie back in something resembling a stationary hammock, with his head against a foam-rubber support and his feet thrust forward to the pedals. It's roughly the position one assumes when propped up in bed watching *Upstairs, Downstairs*. Mitchell reasons that the supine position is more comfortable than the standard straddle, and by drastically cutting down wind resistance it theoretically increases speed. Moreover, using the seat as a brace, a rider can exert two or three times the normal pushing power.

Mitchell is not the first to tinker with the idea of a recumbent rider. The forerunner of the sofa cycle probably appeared in France about 1933. Since then, other inventors have lain down on the job—one even had the rider lying on his stomach in a breaststroke position. But because of the jumbo size needed to accommodate a reclining body, those bikes invariably handled like Mack trucks and cornered like a Winnebago in a gale. So Mitchell came up with a model that had an adjustable telescopic frame. However, he made the mistake of lending it to a friend. "The first time he tried to ride it he fell off and broke his wrist," Mitchell says. "In terms of product liability, it was not what I wanted."

After three years and five different designs, Mitchell thinks he has solved the size problem. The current sofa cycle has a conventional 40-inch wheel base and is 6' from stem to stern. While not as svelte as a racer, it still weighs a manageable 30 pounds. The master stroke was to attach the crank arms to an adjustable metal shaft which sits above the front wheel and extends about a foot beyond it. This adds length to the cycle without length-

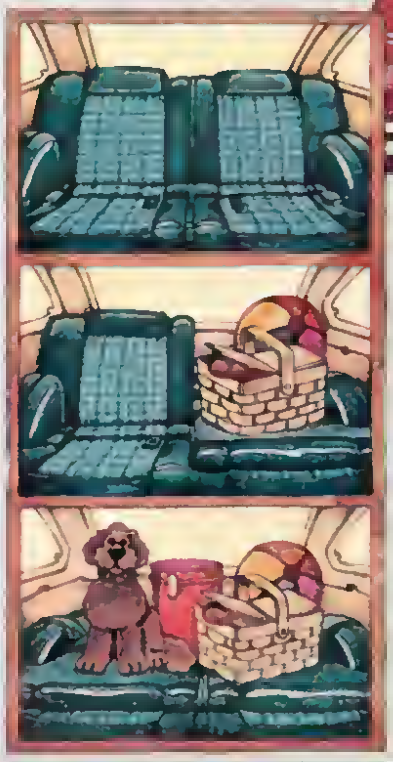
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THE INCREDIBLE, UNDER $3200, PISTON-ENGINE MAZDA GLC.*

Can you believe Honda CVCC hatchback and VW Rabbit cost more and have less?



The CVCC and Rabbit have less room for your legs in front, and less room for shoulders in back than GLC. CVCC has less room for hips and shoulders in front, while Rabbit has less room for your head. Read on.





GLC wipes out the competition in its class in such standard niceties as a rear window washer and wiper, and rear window defroster. For visibility in general, GLC has more total glass area all around than CVCC or Rabbit.

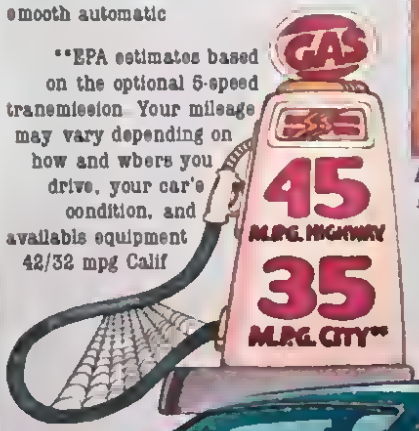
***GLC**
MEANS GREAT LITTLE CAR

"Under $3200" refers to the Deluxe model shown here. GLC prices start at under $2900 for the standard model with fewer features (slightly higher in California and certain high altitude areas). Taxes, license, freight, and optional equipment (such as stripes shown) are extra.

CVCC and Rabbit and all other cars in GLC's class, for that matter, give you less of a choice

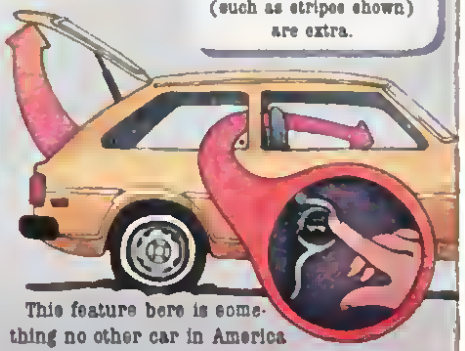


of transmissions. GLC has a standard 4-speed manual transmission, optional fuel-saving 5-speed, and smooth automatic.



**EPA estimates based on the optional 5-speed transmission. Your mileage may vary depending on how and where you drive, your car's condition, and available equipment. 42/32 mpg Calif.

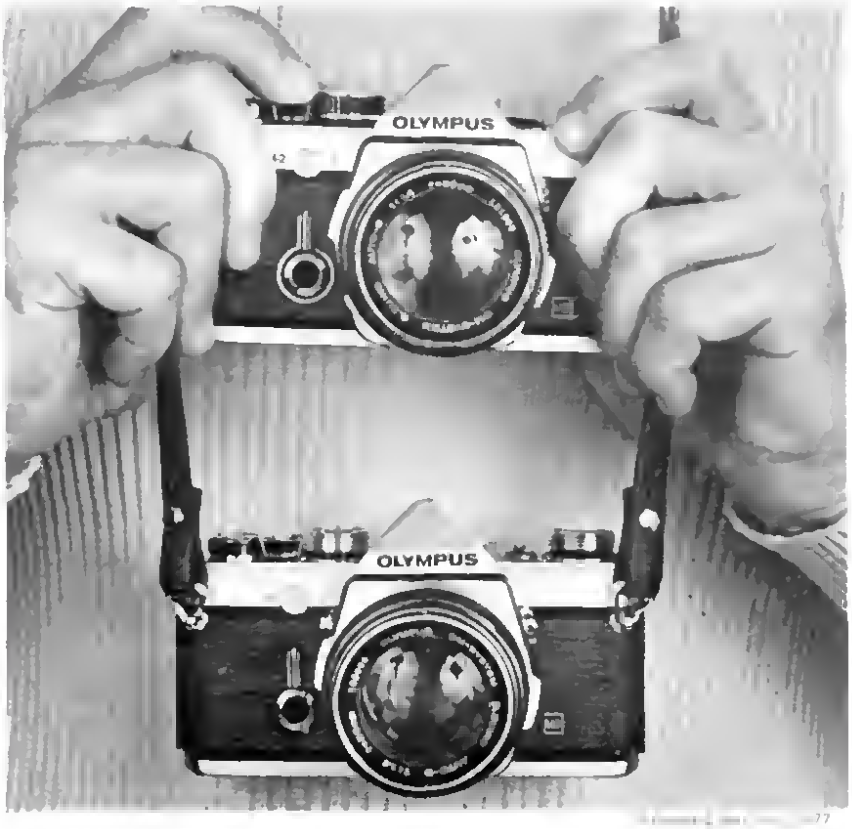
A split-rear seat. CVCC doesn't have one. And neither does Rabbit. In fact, no one else in GLC's class has one. This versatile seat suits your transportation needs to a T—carrying people, or people and packages, or just packages. GLC's wide carpeted deck is bigger than CVCC's or Rabbit's.



This feature here is something no other car in America offers at any price. An electrically operated remote control hatch that unlatches automatically. The hatch opens from the outside as well, and the size of the hatch opening itself is bigger than CVCC's or Rabbit's.



mazda



What every amateur should know:

Why professional photographers are switching to the new Olympus cameras.

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Professional photographers have been complaining for years that 35mm SLR cameras had become too big too heavy and too noisy But there was nothing they could do about it Until the introduction of the incredible Olympus OM-1 camera It was one-third smaller and lighter than existing cameras and much quieter A few professionals tried it—to see if it was rugged enough and versatile enough It was And very quickly both professionals and ameteurs made the Olympus OM-1 a world-wide success

Introducing the new OM-2.
Now history repeats itself Olympus introduces the OM-2, an automatic 35mm SLR system camera The photographer sets the aperture and the camera makes the exposure—automatically But again—an incredibly small, light and quiet camera

Unique Metering.
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OLYMPUS

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ening the wheel base and gives the sofa cycle an uncanny resemblance to a mechanical praying mantis.

Riding a sofa cycle is not simple For one thing, there is the matter of getting on the bike Sitting down is no problem, nor is leaning back to the headrest or grabbing the handlebars, which extend just over one's midriff like the controls on a glider. Even picking up one foot, pushing it forward and locking it into the pedal strap is simple It's the other foot that causes all the fuss. Your mind tells you to put it on the other pedal and start pumping like mad Forward motion will overcome inertia every time But your foot has other ideas It likes terra firma It's looking out for your well-being and thus gives rise to an impasse There is only one way out—a friend. Get some big brawny chap to grab hold of the bike while the other foot timidly agrees to climb aboard

While your friend runs alongside (still holding on to the bike), you get to practice balance. It feels strange Your friend is beginning to get red in the face "Pedal," he yells. "Don't let go," you scream It's too late. There you are, alone, wobbling down the road with all the grace of a drunk on stilts Your head is bouncing like a volleyball. From sheer instinct, or panic, you begin to pedal and, by gosh, the thing straightens itself out Pretty soon you're able to balance. The legs and arms, so essential on conventional bikes, are secondary on the sofa cycle Balance comes from the hips and back and the subtle shifting of one's weight in the hammock It takes up to a full day, at least, for the average rider to learn this.

Next comes steering Like a motorcycle, the sofa cycle is designed to be steered more by leaning than by turning the handlebars A rider who is used to holding on tightly will soon find himself capsized in someone's tulip garden Usually, two fingers on the handlebars are sufficient That goes double for turning The rider who swings wildly into a turn will shortly be eating concrete

But the rider who grasps the special sofa-cycle technique is in for a treat. The bike is so aerodynamically clean that it makes a conventional model feel like a tub Equipped with 15 speeds (the greater leverage, which comes from the braced back, allows for a higher gear ratio), the sofa cycle positively zooms downhill and on the flat (Mitchell claims he has reached a top speed of 65 mph) And because of its low center of gravity the sofa cycle corners like a Ferrari.

Custom-made, the bike costs a hefty $1,000, although the price could drop to around $300 if Mitchell can get it mass-produced But, like the Count de Sivrac before him, Mitchell is doubtless ahead of his time. While he looks for a manufacturer, he has temporarily closed up shop and taken a job at an electronics firm. "I got tired of being broke," he says **END**



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BOOKTALK

by ARNOLD SCHECHTER

AN EXCELLENT ANTHOLOGY OF SPORTS FICTION THAT FINALLY MIRRORS US ALL

Remember, as a kid, when no one in the world mattered as much as your sports hero? When you wore his number, copied his style, lived or died with every pitch? Remember that? Well, it is a well-known fact that some people never grow up.

For evidence, observe some of the characters in *The Roar of the Sneakers* (Bantam Books, $1.75), Editor Robert Gold's original softcover anthology of sports fiction spanning the past 40 years. Wild-eyed fans exhort their favorites in the sweaty morality play known as professional wrestling. An autocratic father, inept during his own youth, trains his reluctant son for competition as purposefully as a lioness teaching her cub to hunt. And a middle-aged touch football player daydreams of pass-receiving greatness ("Ray Berry and I dig pressure") when, in fact, he couldn't catch a cold in a blizzard. The lesson in this, if there is one, is that attaching excessive emotional freight to such athletic experiences is proof positive that we humans have more than a little fat in the head.

Still, an outstanding athlete has rare, transitory physical skills, which may be irrelevant to his character. The point is best illustrated in Jack Olsen's contribution, "Winning is Better." Olsen focuses on pro football star Luke Hairston, who unloads a pistol full of blanks in the direction of his team's owner and, occasionally, uses drugs as well. One teammate suggests that Hairston plays a very self-sacrificing game after his adrenaline takes effect: "'He don't take no adrenaline,' replies another player, 'but he take somethin', 'cause I see his eyes widen up before every game.'"

Enhanced by selections from John Updike, Budd Schulberg and Roger Angell, *The Roar of the Sneakers* is richly perceptive in its depiction of every level of sport. John Cheever's "The National Pastime" begins, "To be an American and unable to play baseball is comparable to being a Polynesian and unable to swim." The collection ranges from ego confrontations in schoolyard basketball, to dead-end minor league careers, and finally takes the reader to the ultimate sporting ritual, the Olympics.

A few stories present semiliterate protagonists who implausibly begin articulating like William Buckley. But, in general, the writing is superlative—witty, suspenseful, and so evocative that you would need a uniform to come any closer to the action. It won't even matter if your adolescent fantasies are debunked along the way. A myth is not as good as a smile. END



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SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT W. CREAMER

BATTLE OF THE SEXES

When Renee Richards, the transsexual tennis player who has been fighting for acceptance in competitive women's tennis since she "came out" last August, took and apparently passed the standard Barr Body chromosome test (the one used in the Olympics) in Little Rock, Ark. last week, several intriguing questions arose. Why did Richards suddenly take the test after having refused to do so for seven months? More important, will the ruling bodies of tennis accept the results, or will they find another way to keep the 42-year-old Richards out of events like Wimbledon, the U.S. Open and the French and Italian championships?

Richards, an M.D. who is, naturally, well-versed in genetics, has said all along that the chromosome test alone was not the way to determine a person's sex. "It was invoked specifically because of me," she says, "and that is discriminatory. By refusing to take the test I think I educated a lot of people about transsexuals, but, unfortunately, that didn't get me any further into competition. So I took the test. Now my crusading is over. It is time to start thinking about Renee Richards, tennis player."

Maybe that's so. Tennis officials indicate that if she is indeed a female, she will be allowed to play. But there are likely to be more hassles. One problem is that as a man, Richard Raskind, she fathered a son. According to a spokesman for the Institute for Sports Medicine and Athletic Trauma at New York's Lenox Hill Hospital, that means it would be impossible now for her to have female chromosomes, because no one in medical history has been known to have had a change in structure of the chromosomes he or she was born with. Richards, citing something called the Klinefelter Syndrome, disagrees with the implications of this argument, but says that her family life "is nobody's damn business."

Tennis may ask her to take the Barr Body test again, or a more complicated and even more accurate test called a karyotype. Richards, who threatened earlier to sue, says, "I took the test under stringent conditions. I had three witnesses, as well as doctors and a pathology lab of impeccable repute. They'd better not ask me to take it again, or they'll really be asking for it."

PUCKISH FELLOW

Some people feel that with his name, Gene Tenace took up the wrong game. The same can be said for the Ottawa Athletic Club's Australian tennis pro. His name is Gary Hockey.

LISTING

Irving Wallace and his son David discovered sport, among other things, when they published their non-book, *The People's Almanac*, a couple of years ago. Now they are back, along with Irving's daughter Amy, with another paste-together production called *The Book of Lists*, which William Morrow & Co. will publish in May.

The Book of Lists is worse than potato chips: you know you don't want any more, but you can't stop. You keep arguing with it. The chapter on sports, for example, is filled with infuriating tables of bests, worsts, greatests, most dramatic moments, etc. Herbert Warren Wind, who not only writes about golf but may have invented it, gives his list of the 12 greatest golfers of all time. You know where he puts Jack Nicklaus? Eleventh. And then Amy Alcott—*why* Amy Alcott?—picks the 11 greatest women golfers of all time and puts Babe Zaharias 11th. Jack, meet Babe.

Sam Snead offers his list of the nine greatest golfers, which is actually a list of 10 except that Sam, who modestly leaves his name out of it, also modestly leaves the first spot blank. After that he has Nicklaus second. Jack and Babe, meet Sam.

Secretariat is 10th on Peter Chew's list of the 10 greatest racehorses. Muhammad Ali is ninth on *The Ring* magazine's list of the 10 greatest heavyweight champions. Alice Marble puts Helen Wills Moody 10th on her list of the 10 greatest women tennis players—two rankings behind Alice Marble.

All right, that's enough potato chips for now. O.K., one more: Napoleon Bonaparte, who played solitaire incessantly while in exile, is second on a list of 15 fanatical cardplayers. Who is first? You can look it up.

COLD COMFORT

The energy shortage, which doesn't seem likely to go away, may have deleterious effects on some sports, notably swimming. For example, in California the Public Utility Commission has suggested



that people, schools and institutions be encouraged to use less natural gas for such "luxuries" as the heating of swimming pools (except those designed for therapeutic purposes). The recommendation has not been enforced, but the threat has upset swimming coaches.

"If the temperature in our pool has to go below 76°," says Coach Hank Vellekamp of the University of California at Irvine, "it will mean the end of our program." Even 76° is not warm enough for competitive swimmers trying to reach or maintain world-class standards. UCLA Coach Bob Haines says, "At 76° or 77°, swimmers in training get chilled after staying two or two and a half hours in the water."

If keeping swimming pools warm

continued



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INCORPORATED

Eleven questions to ask yourself before buying a 35mm SLR.



Knowing what to look for now in a 35mm SLR can save you money and prevent problems later on

1. How much camera do I need? Most manufacturers, including Minolta, offer a tempting array of features Like interchangeable finders and focusing screens, motorized film winding, self-timers and multiple-exposure capability If you'll be using them, fine If not, save yourself some money by cutting out the frills

2. Is match-needle or electronic auto-exposure control best? Minolta offers both, so our only concern is that you get what's best for you

Generally a match-needle camera costs less To set exposure, you line up two needles in the viewfinder. It's easy, fast and accurate, but you do the work. Minolta SR-T match-needle cameras ofter a wide variety of features and prices

Minolta's newest 35mm SLR's have electronically controlled shutter speeds So even if the light changes the instant before you shoot, the camera will set itself for correct exposure Among Minolta's electronic SLR's, you'll find features like interchangeable viewfinders and screens, shutter speeds to 1/2000th of a second and multiple-exposure capability

3. What should I look for in the viewfinder? First of all, a bright image. So you can see clearly and focus easily. Judge this by comparing several brands under the same light conditions.



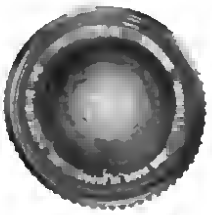
Then, exposure information The more the viewfinder shows, the more you know about how the camera is taking the picture If this means a lot to you, pay the extra cost If not, save on a simpler camera

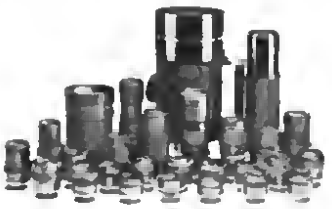
The important thing about Minolta SLR's is that in every single one, you can compose, focus, set exposure and shoot without ever looking away from the viewfinder. So you won't miss shots of even the fastest-moving subjects



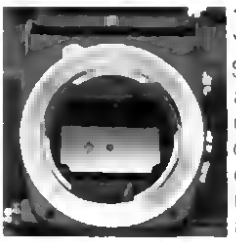
4. What range of shutter speeds do I need? Most picture taking is done at speeds between 1/60th and 1/500th of a second But to stop very fast action, higher speeds are handy to have. And slower speeds are useful for available-light shooting and spectacular night shots. Depending on the Minolta model, you can get speeds as fast as 1/2000th of a second and as slow as 16 seconds.

5. What is a "fast" lens, and do t need one? The more light a lens lets in, the "faster" it is Faster lenses like an f/1.2 or f/1 4 are more expensive, but nice to have if you do a lot of shooting in dim light.



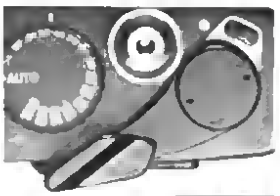


6. Why is the lens system important? Interchangeable lenses let your camera grow with you. Minolta offers almost 40, from a 7.5mm "fisheye" to a 1600mm super-telephoto. Minolta makes all their own lenses to insure compatibility with Minolta cameras

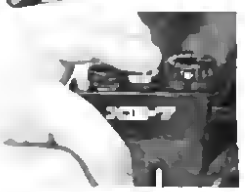


7. How fast can I change lenses? You shouldn't have to miss shots So Minolta developed and patented a bayonet mount that lets you change lenses with less than a quarter turn And unlike other bayonet mounts, Minolta's doesn't require you to realign f/stops afterwards

8. How should the camera feel? Solid Comfortable Not too big, not too small Your fingers should fall naturally into place on the controls Advance the film wind lever If it feels gritty or rough now, how will it feel after a couple of thousand shots?



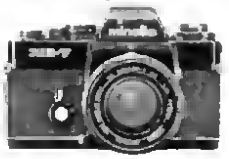
9. How should it sound? Press the shutter button. Noisiness means either vibration or inadequate damping of moving parts Or both The newest Minolta shutters are a joy to hear because you almost can't hear them at all



10. How do I judge craftsmanship? Compare. Everything should be tucked in neatly. Finishes should be even and unmarred No machining marks should be visible, even inside the camera



11. What is the camera's reputation? Be sure to ask friends about Minolta Since it's the best-selling imported camera brand in the U.S., chances are someone you know owns one



And it you'd like literature on Minolta 35mm SLR's, write to Minolta Corporation, 101 Williams Dr , Ramsey, N.J. 07446

Minolta

The more you know about cameras, the more you'll want a Minolta.

enough becomes a problem in Southern California, what in the world will they do in places like Indiana?

TALK ABOUT DOUBLE-TEAMING

The finest performance by an NBA player in this or any other season was that turned in by Kareem Abdul-Jabbar of the Los Angeles Lakers a month or so ago, just after a group of Hanafi Muslims, the sect to which Abdul-Jabbar belongs, had held more than 100 people hostage in Washington, D.C. Because of the possibility of reprisals against the basketball player, the FBI moved in to protect him, which led to this report in the Newark *Star-Ledger* the day after the Lakers beat the New York Nets 84–81: "Kareem, being guarded by an estimated 100 FBI agents, sank a pair of free throws with 41 seconds to play to put Los Angeles ahead for good."

BULLY FOR BULL

There's been enough written about venal ballplayers grabbing every penny they can get their hands on. Let's talk about Greg Luzinski, the Philadelphia Phillies' massive leftfielder. Luzinski signed one of those lucrative contracts this winter (a five-year, $1.5 million deal) but he has taken the novel step of plowing some of that loot back into the game. He arranged to buy 126 loge box seats in Section 575 of Veterans Stadium—Section 575 is in left field, Luzinski's position—for 36 playing dates this season. Because the seats go for $4.50 each, Luzinski's bill for the tickets was $20,412. He then announced that the seats would be given away to kids, through various youth groups, in the Philadelphia area.

The Phils' publicity department rallied round, naturally. They named the section "The Bull Ring" (Luzinski's nickname is The Bull) and said it would be enclosed by some sort of fence. The fence would not be just decoration, for the youngsters have to be kept under reasonable control. Groups applying for tickets have to promise that a minimum of 10 adult chaperons will accompany the kids.

Because the Phils were taking such an active part in the Bull Ring operation, there was criticism that the whole thing was a publicity stunt engineered by the ball club. "A lot of reporters didn't take it the right way," says Luzinski, who had been reluctant to talk about his project. "They feel, I'm sure, that the Phillies are donating the section to me. But they're not. The thing cost me $20,000. I did it because the people in Philly have been good to me, and I wanted to do something for them."

Along with the seats, Luzinski has promised to give an autographed picture to each youngster sitting in Section 575 and says he will donate $100 to the favorite charity of any Phillie player who hits a homer into the section.

"I wanted to give some kids a chance to see how much fun it is to go to a ball game," he says.

ONE PERSON GANG

In women's volleyball a new era seems to be beginning, a one-woman era. Eileen Condit, 19, a second-year nursing student at Edgecliff College in Cincinnati, showed up to play in the intramural volleyball league and found that because she was the only nursing student who had turned out, she was the nursing school team. Because the league is rather informal—faculty administration also has a one-person team—no one minded, and Eileen plunged into competition. She beat faculty administration easily, went on to defeat three-, four-, five- and six-person teams from education, religious studies, art, history, psychology, chemistry and biology and has only the sociology department (which may go up to the nine-player limit for this one) to beat to win the league championship.

Although she played on a championship volleyball team in high school, has three sisters majoring in phys ed or planning to, and is known for her embarrassingly hard serve, Condit is modest about her success. "I'm not that good," she says. "It's just that the people at Edgecliff are even worse."

YOU HAD TO BE THERE

The item in the paper said the New York Apples of World Team Tennis had signed on comedy writer Robert Orben to help with publicity. How does a comedy writer help a tennis team with publicity? He writes one-liners, and the Apples send them off to sportswriters, columnists and broadcasters. Samples: "The New York Sets, World Team Tennis champions in 1976, are now officially known as the New York Apples. I'll bite that." Or: "It's a good thing Ilie Nastase isn't one of their players. They might have to be called the New York Crab Apples." Or: "I'm not surprised the World Team Tennis champions of 1976 have been officially renamed the New York Apples. They are top-seeded."

Want some more? No? O.K.

PERILS OF THE DEEP

Pollution is terrible, but fishermen have long known that a little carefully applied pollution can stimulate the growth and concentration of underwater life—for example, old automobiles sunk one on top of another create admirable artificial reefs that soon tend to abound in fish. Now the state of Washington has developed the technique to a fine art. In parts of South Puget Sound sunken barges, draped with old tires tied together to form tetrahedrons, are festooned with discarded nylon stockings and panty hose. The toes of the hose are stuffed with chunks of buoyant Styrofoam that keep the legs perpendicular. Parks and Recreation Department officials say that within seven days squid eggs were found clinging to the nylons, and large numbers of young fish were sporting about the heels and toes. Crabs and starfish were elbowing their way in and, all in all, areas that had been barren were rapidly becoming one big happy ecosystem.

The only worry is what might happen to the psyche of an uninformed scuba diver who suddenly finds himself enmeshed in this surrealist masterpiece. And what will he tell his wife when he accidentally brings home one of those stockings?

THEY SAID IT

- Bill Veeck, Chicagn White Sox owner, asked whether free agents lean toward playing in Chicago and other big cities: "Not really, they lean toward cash."
- Bill Bradley, New York Knick star, on why he never made TV commercials: "First, I was suspicious of an advertising industry that manufactures needs, then sells products to foster those needs. Second, some offers were coming to me as a 'white hope,' and that offended me. Third, basketball was an important part of my life. I wanted to keep it pure. Hair sprays and deodorants and popcorn poppers were not basketball."
- Jack Nicklaus, talking about his eventual retirement from tournament golf: "I can say now that I'll know when I want to get out, but when I reach that time, I may not know." **END**



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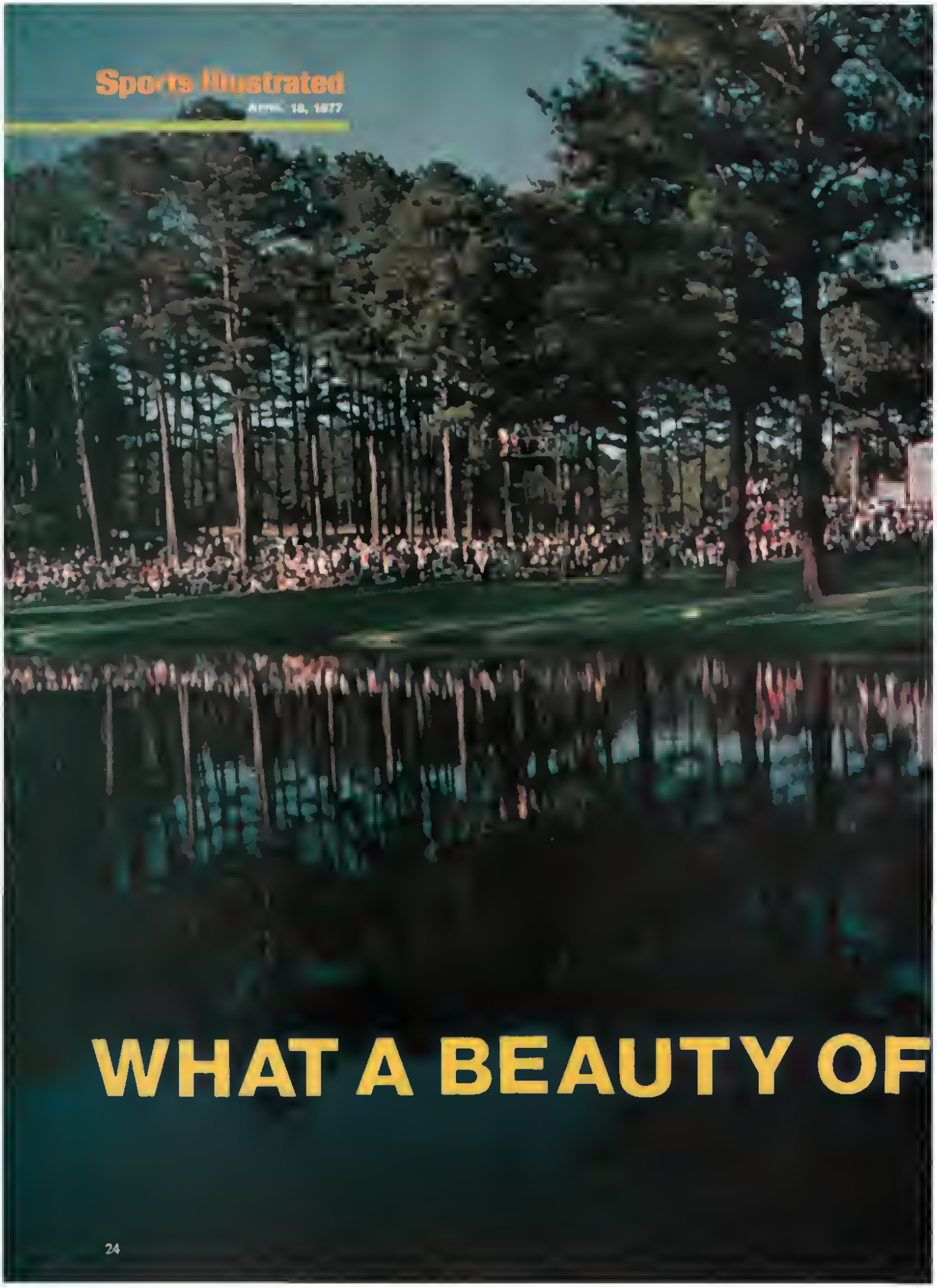
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Sports Illustrated
APRIL 18, 1977
WHAT A BEAUTY OF

A MASTERS

Tom Watson might well have reflected on his notorious final-round collapses as he gazed across Augusta's serene waters and saw just ahead Jack Nicklaus, bent on birdies, but Watson silenced doubters with his plucky win

by Dan Jenkins



CONTINUED

So this time they put you on the re-vered hills of Augusta, fly the weather in from heaven and hire William Shakespeare to do the script, which calls for you to play golf directly behind The Man, Jack Nicklaus, where you have to watch him make seven birdies and stoop over so often removing the ball from the cup you get to thinking he's three feet tall. You're Tom Watson, and your reputation is that of a young guy who goes out for the last 18 holes of a tournament in a deep-sea diving helmet with a harakiri sword strapped to your waist. The wonderful old Masters. It always comes up with something different.

But what was most different last Sunday was Tom Watson himself. He was just about the guttiest golfer anyone had ever seen. He was under the most excruciating pressure from the first tee shot to the next-to-last putt. On every hole and standing over every single shot he was the Tom Watson who was supposed to think up a hook, a slice, a shank, anything outrageous, to take himself out of things. But for four long, thrilling hours all he did was fire a round of golf so unexpectedly brilliant that he not only won the Masters for the second major championship of his career, he also scored a clean knockout over Jack Nicklaus.

Look at it this way. For 16 holes Watson had to take a barrage of Nicklaus' body punches, any one of which, in the past, has been known to floor a lesser fellow. When Jack gets hot and begins a scorching round, everybody else falls down. Now the Masters not only had Nicklaus slugging away, but also Watson right there forced to watch it from a ringside seat. Tom Watson, mind you. The guy who had frittered away so many opportunities in other tournaments. Although he had won the British Open in 1975 and although he had taken the Crosby and San Diego this year, he had recently fallen into his old, errant ways.

There was the evidence of what had happened to him at Sawgrass in the Tournament Players Championship. With a two-stroke lead going into the final nine, he had come apart with a string of bogeys, hit his last tee shot into the water and left Jacksonville humiliated. A week later, in the Heritage Classic at Harbour Town, he played his way into a four-stroke lead with 18 to go—and then had come unpasted again. Thus, he arrived in Augusta as the man who had made winners out of Mark Hayes and Graham Marsh. In the conversations at the Masters, and especially after he had taken the lead in the second round, all anyone talked about with Watson was why he couldn't swallow.

So this was the man who on the last day of the Masters had to follow Jack Nicklaus around while thousands of golf-wise people expected that he would ask to be excused after about the 15th hole and run off into the woods and hide.

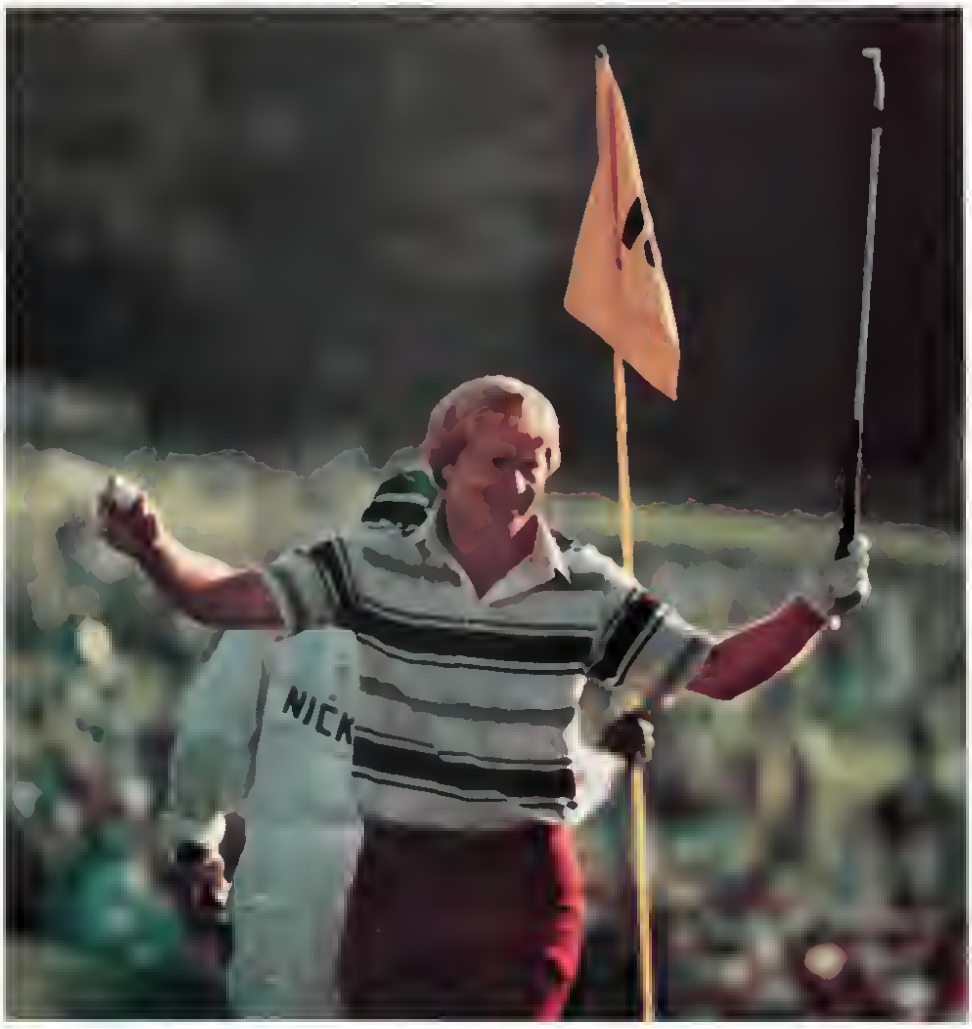
This, however, was what we must now assume to be the *new* Tom Watson. This was the Watson who was tied with Rod Funseth for the Masters lead after 36 holes, who was in that glamorous knot with Ben Crenshaw after three rounds, who had to withstand a birdie-for-birdie fight with surprising Rik Massengale over the first nine holes on Sunday, and who at the same time stepped up to take everything Nicklaus could throw at him in the form of golf shots and reputation. He endured all this to shoot a finishing 67 for a total of 276 and a two-stroke victory over Nicklaus.

Watson's most stunning moment was his 15-foot birdie putt that sneaked into the cup at the 17th green, bringing forth a great roar from the gallery that must have swept like a hurricane over Nicklaus, just ahead on the 18th fairway. That was the crucial moment when he went ahead of Nicklaus, to stay. That was the scrapbook moment, Watson slugging at the air with his fist and spinning around as the putt disappeared.

But there were innumerable other moments. There were the birdies he tore out of the front nine at the 5th (12 feet), the 6th (12 feet), the 7th (four feet) and the 8th (15 feet), these coming at a time when Nicklaus was searing the first nine in three under par, and when Massengale was going four under.

Interestingly, Watson had begun the round, as his wife Linda put it, "unreligiously." Hooked the drive at the first, missed the green and had to chip up and make a tough three-footer for a par. Bunkered at the second, no birdie. Meanwhile, Nicklaus was making consecutive

On Sunday Nicklaus managed a wry smile and a six-under-par 66, though he ended with a bogey



birdies to set the tone of the day.

Only at the beginning, and again briefly at the 10th hole where Watson saw a very short putt spin out for a bogey, did he look like the Watson of the recent past. One has to credit the mind. On Tuesday of Masters week he had gone to another golf course to work with Byron Nelson, who is among his golfing shrinks. They had concentrated not only on his swing, but also on his tempo, his style. Slowing down was the object. Watson worked on taking more time walking, setting up, lining up putts, everything.

He came away saying, "I've got a swing now that I think can hold up under pressure." What about the reputation? "I expect the questions about choking. If you lead a tournament and don't win, people say you choke. Either I haven't won the right tournaments so far, or I've lost the wrong ones."

Choking had not been a topic around the Watson household. Linda sat under an umbrella on the Augusta National veranda one afternoon and said, "Look, Tommy's won two tournaments this year. He's finished in the top 10 six times. He's the leading money winner. What we talk about is how *well* he's doing."

The Watsons have more than that to discuss now. They can talk about the fact that Watson thought Nicklaus was taunting him with a gesture before Watson hit his approach shot on 13. Later, Nicklaus explained that he hadn't been waving at Tom, but had been merely acknowledging the applause of the gallery. They can talk about how Tom then hit a two-iron to the green for the birdie he needed to keep pace with Nicklaus. They can talk about the two-iron Watson smacked over the water at the 15th and a chip shot there that had to be close for a birdie—again to keep pace with Nicklaus. And they can, of course, talk about the downhill birdie putt that curled four inches to the left on the 17th, the one that sent Watson into the sky and Nicklaus, up ahead on 18, into the sand.

There were principally two losers of last week's Masters. Not just Nicklaus, but Crenshaw as well. Overlooked in the drama of the Watson-Nicklaus slugging match was the uncharacteristic collapse of Gentle Ben. Crenshaw had played beautifully for three rounds and, if anything, it was Crenshaw the crowd would have bet on to provide the kind of suspense that Watson produced. But with his round barely begun, Ben was out of it. Seven under par at the beginning, he bogeyed the second and third holes and played thereafter as if he were trying only to get out of Nicklaus' way. He shot a horrible 76 on a perfect day for scoring.



Ben Crenshaw and Watson, dubbed "the future of golf pairing," enjoyed their lead after 54 holes

Crenshaw said, "I can't explain it. I think what happened is I'd been hitting a controlled hook off the tee during the week, and a couple of my early drives went to the right, and then I started worrying. I'll learn how to play some day."

One thing about Nicklaus. There rarely has been a better winner and probably never has been a more gracious loser. Jack lives for major titles, and here he had shot a 66, despite a closing bogey, and lost another, but he said, "You may remember that in 1975 when I had that battle with Weiskopf and Johnny Miller, I said it was fun. Well, today I lost the battle, but this was fun, too."

Almost as much fun as Watson had. And the most fun for Tom was walking down the 18th fairway and looking up at the green and seeing Nicklaus. "I asked somebody in the gallery what Jack was putting for," Watson said. "They told me a bogey, that he'd been in the bunker."

For those who then saw Watson's smile and his lips move and may have wondered what he said to himself, the exact words were, "Let's go!"

That was it. Let's go—from the guy who usually went the other way.

To the untrained eye the golf course must have looked like it was made of AstroTurf last week. It was so lush, so green. And the dogwoods and azaleas were blooming this time, as if dozens of florists had gone mad. For the competitor, however, it was something else. The greens were slow, as they have been in recent years. More important, they were inconsistent in how they putted. There were naturally those spots where the ball would scoot away into the yonder, but there were also downhill and sidehill putts which would stop short of the cup, and this is not the way Masters greens were intended to be. The result was that none of the golfers could feel confident throughout a whole round, not to mention a whole tournament. Disbelief was the expression on a player's face when a putt would curl this way or that, or speed up, or stop shy of where he had expected it to go. So much for the bad winter and the presence of *Poa annua* on the putting surfaces. Mostly what this does is add elements of luck to a tournament.

The first day passed with the crowds waiting for something to happen. For a while everyone looked to be two under par, but no one could get any lower. It wound up being Hubert Green's day when he birdied four of the last six holes for a five-under 67, which was one of only three sub-70 rounds Thursday night. Watson stood at two-under, Crenshaw at one-under and Nicklaus at even par. Green's score could have been lower, for he missed a very makable eagle putt at the 15th and a decent birdie try at the 17th hole. "I've geared myself to win a major," he said, and this is what Hubert needs to make himself better known. He

continued

DOWN THE BOBBY JONES EXPRESSWAY

Danny Edwards did not expect to play golf last week, much less in Augusta. What he planned to do after the Greensboro Open was fly home to Edmond, Okla. where he lives with his parents and spend the week playing a little tennis, then go to Florida for the Tallahassee Open. He figured he had a fair chance to win at Tallahassee, which he had never done in three years on the tour. His game was sharp and all the big-name pros would be out West in the Tournament of Champions.

But something pleasant happened to Edwards at Greensboro that made him change his plans. He won. Late Sunday afternoon he was handed a check for $47,000 that vaulted him to fifth on the season's money list. The victory gave him a year's exemption from having to qualify for tournaments. And it put him in the Masters. In Augusta a press brochure had already been published with thumbnail sketches of the 76 participants in alphabetical order. Now at the end a 77th was added. Danny Edwards.

Edwards received his official invitation to the Masters when he returned to his motel about 9:30 Sunday evening. In the stack of telegrams congratulating him was one from Bill Lane, the tournament chairman of Augusta National, saying Edwards was most certainly welcome. He stuffed the wire into his briefcase along with the $47,000 check, told the motel operator to hold the calls—"I was getting them from all the guys I used to play golf with at Oklahoma State"—and went to sleep.

He was up early Monday. He already had a plane reservation to Atlanta, having tempted fate by making it Saturday night when he held a four-stroke lead in the Greensboro. In Atlanta he rented a car, watched carefully as the clerk drew the route to Augusta on a map and headed east. Two hours later he had reached town and begun his search for the club.

"I saw a sign saying BOBBY JONES EXPRESSWAY," he says. "I figured that sounded right. Next thing I knew I was out in the tules." Finally Edwards found his way to Washington Road, saw the giant Masters signs and turned into the gate marked PLAYERS. A guard stopped him, and all Edwards had for identification was his PGA money clip, but that was good enough. He was waved on. "Suddenly I realized that this was the driveway, the one I'd heard about, long and straight with magnolia trees along the sides and the clubhouse at the end."



Edwards says that everyone treated him just swell. A room had been reserved at the Executive House in downtown Augusta. He was given tickets for his father, mother and 20-year-old brother David. They planned to watch Saturday and Sunday, never doubting that Danny would make the cut on his first try. An Augusta member named Phil Harison showed Edwards where to register, took him to the locker room and introduced him to Freddie the caddie master. Along the way Edwards bumped into the venerable Gene Sarazen who informed him that he was about to undergo one of the great experiences of his life—playing in the Masters. He also advised Edwards to shave off his mustache and cut his hair—this from a man who still wears knickers.

Edwards gobbled a sandwich at the clubhouse and hustled off at 3 p.m. with his caddie, Ulysses Brigham, for a practice round. Brigham had caddied for Edwards in the 1975 Atlanta Classic and had liked his game. Early in the week of Greensboro, Brigham had been offered a chance to work for another Masters participant. He turned it down. "I knew Danny was playing good, that he was going to win up there," he says. "I wanted to be waiting for him."

By the time Edwards reached the back nine it was late afternoon. Just as he drove on the 13th hole, a groundkeeper emerged from the woods and walked over. "How much longer do you plan to be out here?" he asked. "I was about to turn on the sprinklers."

"You go right ahead," said Edwards. "I'll just dodge in and out among them."

On Tuesday and Wednesday he played more practice rounds with his friends Bruce Lietzke and Gil Morgan, then shot a respectable 25 in the Par-3 Contest Wednesday afternoon, two strokes behind the winner, Tom Weiskopf. Wednesday evening he got the word that he was scheduled to tee off at 9:56 the next morning with Lietzke. "I've hesitated to mention this to anyone," the 25-year-old Edwards said as he contemplated his first Masters. "I don't want it to sound wrong but I'm not all that impressed with being in the Masters. You have to understand that I didn't play golf until I was 14 and didn't know there was such a thing as the Masters until three years later. When I was a kid in Oklahoma we used to set off firecrackers on the Fourth of July on this great big lawn. It wasn't until years later that I realized the lawn had been a fairway on a golf course."

Thus he was remarkably calm as he made his way through the gallery and onto the first tee Thursday. His drive was a monster—Edwards gets remarkable distance considering he weighs 155 pounds—and he knocked his approach close enough to give him a birdie. But on the next hole he made his first mistake, attempting to reach the green of the par-5 hole with a two-iron. "I tried for too much," he said later. "I should have laid up." Edwards hooked the ball into the woods and wound up with a bogey. That put him back to even par and when the round was over he was still there, having shot a 72, the same as Jack Nicklaus. Only 15 scores were better. The next day he added a 74 to make the cut easily, not that he or his parents had any doubt. They were there for the third round, which was his best. After a double bogey at the 12th, he seemed doomed, but then he ran off a glorious string—eagle, birdie, birdie, birdie—to finish with a 68. On Sunday he shot a 73 to tie for 19th with a one-under-par 287. As the top 24 finishers are invited back, Edwards is assured of another drive down Magnolia Lane.

Then it was off to Edmond for a day and onto another golf tournament. But not the Tallahassee Open. Danny Edwards was going to the Tournament of Champions. —WALTER BINGHAM

has won as many tournaments as Weiskopf, for example, and more than Hale Irwin, for another example, but no one puts him in that category

Just when it appeared this might be Green's year in Augusta, he met the kind of fate so many players have at the evil 12th hole. He was four under par when he reached there on Friday and still in control. Then he hit a seven-iron over the flag and into a buried lie in a back bunker. Siberia is better than being in a back bunker on Augusta's 12th. Or Cleveland. He exploded out too strongly. The ball raced across the green and into Rae's Creek. He dropped another ball into the bunker and barely got it out, lying four. The fact that he made this 20-foot putt for a double bogey—and was joyous about it—was all to Hubert's credit and a fine display of his competitive nature, but he *had* made a five on a par-3 hole, and that took him out of the tournament. Watson and Crenshaw were shooting 69s, and Nicklaus 70 to Green's 74.

If there was a locker room favorite other than Nicklaus it was Weiskopf, who had scalded the course in practice. Nonetheless, he began this Masters shakily, struggling for pars on the first few holes. One of them was more shaky than the others. On the 4th hole on Thursday Weiskopf hit a soaring hook that was definitely going to put him in bogey territory, or worse, but it struck a spectator on the head and bounded on the green for a routine three. Thereafter, Weiskopf didn't hit enough heads. He shot 73.

It was on Saturday that Weiskopf began to look and play like the man who had finished second four times in the Masters. Through the 13th hole he was four under par, working on a 68 or something better. He had even briefly tied for the lead when Saturday's leader boards proclaimed a six-way tie for a matter of moments. But then Weiskopf found himself on the dangerous front edge of the 14th green with a 75-foot putt, up the steep part, for a birdie. After his first putt he had a 60-footer for a par. The ball had rolled up and back down the hill so that it now rested on the other side of him. He took roughly five lateral steps to try the next putt. This time he got the ball up on the second level of the green but he was still 12 feet from the cup, putting for a bogey. He missed by three feet. A three-footer is no gimme at Augusta, but Weiskopf made it for his double bogey. Like Green, one hole had taken him out of contention. He never recovered.

In a way it was a terrible epilogue to what had been one of the grandest sights of a spectacular Saturday—Weiskopf on the 13th hole. He had gone for the green in two and found the ravine in front of the green. He had taken off his shoes and socks, put the shoes back on, waded into the water and slashed a wedge shot out of there. He had somehow gouged the ball up onto the green, and he had done it after playing himself into a tie for the lead. The crowds went crazy. And they went still crazier when Weiskopf emptied a gallon of water out of his shoe. He missed the birdie putt, which would have given him sole possession of the lead, but he had bravely saved his par, and he had provided a marvelous dramatic moment—just about the only thing that could draw attention from the afternoon's glamour pairing of rose-colored Watson and candy-striped Crenshaw. "The future of golf pairing," as it was called around the press quarters.

As strange a sight as any came at the day's end. There on the Augusta veranda were those two young women sitting together, giggling, chatting. Polly Crenshaw and Linda Watson. Their husbands were down the hill being interviewed by 4,000 people. Their husbands were tied for the lead at 209. One had to think of other days, of a time when a Ben Hogan and a Byron Nelson might have been in the same situation. Valerie and Louise would have been knitting or sitting in the car. Polly and Linda were laughing and talking, as were their husbands, of how much fun it all was. Crenshaw had shot another 69, and Watson had birdied the last hole for a 70. They had played superbly and could have shot even better. But it was their tournament on Saturday evening, and it was their wives' tournament, too. Now Watson and Crenshaw came up to the veranda.

Tom said Sunday was going to be "a heck of a lot of fun." Ben said Sunday was going to be "a gut buster." They both said they were hungry. Polly said she hoped one of the two would win, and Linda said the same thing. And off they went. Two pretty young girls looking like they ought to be at a college football game, and two handsome, bare-headed young guys in flashy colors looking like the leading men Carole Lombard could never decide between. Just your basic future of golf.

If you can say you knew one of these two dashing characters would win the Masters, you couldn't possibly have known how. That Jack Nicklaus, of all people, would lose to Tom Watson. Of all people. **END**

Tom Weiskopf, four times a Masters runner up, slashed out to par at 13, but four putted on next hole.



SOMEBODY OLD AND SOMEBODY NEW

Somebody traded and somebody Blue. The once glorious A's began the season without eight of the players who started last year's opener. Owner Charles O. Finley has replaced them with a roster of aging rejects and rew recruits **by Larry Keith**

Oh, where are the A's of the good old days,
Those pitchers and hitters elite?
They won every crown that there was to win,
This team that no one could beat.

Oh, where are the A's of the good old days
And that bristling Oakland pride?
Reggie and Rollie and Rudi are gone.
And even the mule has died.

Oh, where are the A's of the good old days?
Mr. Finley, they're blaming you
And now we are hearing the awful news
That Vida is going, too.

Oh, where are the A's of the good old days?
McKeon has our regrets.
The second division's a certainty
For all these rookies and vets.

Oh, where are the A's of the good old days?
That's the cry of the fan
All that's left are the legal briefs,
For they took the money and ran.

The team that ambition built and penuriousness and avarice brought down made its 1977 debut in Oakland last week. Who was on first. What was on second. I-Don't-Know was on third. Even faithful A's fans found they couldn't tell the players without a scorecard.

Since last season, Oakland has gotten a new manager, Jack McKeon, a new coaching staff, a new director of minor leagues, a new traveling secretary, a new clubhouse carpet, a new lineup and, very likely, a new place in the standings. Among the missing is Charlie O, the team's mascot mule, who died Dec. 15 of liver deterioration. According to the A's players, he drank himself to death.

On Opening Day, just about all that remained of Oakland's glorious past was owner Charlie Finley's inscrutability and three world championship flags waving in center field. Compare, if you will, the crew that started the '76 opener to last week's inaugural lineup.

1B	Don Baylor	Dick Allen
2B	Phil Garner	Rodney Scott
SS	B Campaneris	Rob Picciolo
3B	Sal Bando	Wayne Gross
LF	Joe Rudi	Mitchell Page
CF	Bill North	North
RF	C Washington	Tony Armas
C	Glne Tenace	M Sanguillen
DH	Billy Williams	Earl Williams
P	Mike Torrez	Torrez



In the A's Opening Day victory, rookie Wayne Gross had two RBIs and started a big double play

As an appropriate welcome, there was a banner in left field that said HOWDY, STRANGERS. And strangers they were. Of the 26 players in uniform (including temporarily disqualifed Pitcher Vida Blue) nine were rookies and eight had played with another major league club in 1976. Only North, Torrez, Blue and Reliever Stan Bahnsen could be considered returning A's regulars, and of these four, Bahnsen is alone in not loudly campaigning for baseball asylum elsewhere. Blue emphasized his despair by going AWOL for three days last week. The trip back home to Louisiana cost him not only his plane fare but $1,500 in fines and a payless disqualification period that was expected to continue until late this week. "I had to get away, man," he said after rejoining the A's the day before the opener. "People were coming, people were going, the phone was ringing off the hook. Whoowhee, man. It was too much." Apparently, it soothes Vida's blues not at all that Finley is trying hard to trade him.

This incredible dispersion of a superb team began soon after the A's won their third World Series in 1974. That winter Catfish Hunter became the Daniel Boone of baseball free agents by blazing a trail to New York. Before the start of last season Reggie Jackson and Pitcher Ken Holtzman were traded. Then the dam broke, and last winter the trickle became a torrent. Billy Williams retired and Reliever Rollie Fingers joined Rudi, Bando, Campaneris, Baylor and Tenace in a $9.2 million free-agent raffle. The exodus continued this spring when Finley sold Reliever Paul Lindblad to Texas, traded Washington to the Rangers and peddled Garner to Pittsburgh. Altogether, some 60 players paraded through the A's training quarters, and the smart ones kept their clothes in their suitcases.

"A ballplayer can get callous about people coming and going," says North, "but not in this quantity." Torrez compares the A's situation to a soap opera; *As the Clubhouse Turns*, he calls it. "Everybody is mixed up," Torrez says. "It would help a lot if Finley would tell us what he is planning for the team. We're

professionals, we'd understand. But I doubt he would even consider it."

In fact, Finley has stated his intentions very clearly, but he cannot get many people to believe him. Commissioner Bowie Kuhn, for one. "There may be a plan, developing or developed, to substantially liquidate the established talent of the Oakland club," Kuhn has said. The other major league owners have even offered to buy Finley out in order to move his team to Washington. But Finley says he is not selling, moving or liquidating. Instead, he is rebuilding by getting rid of unsigned players whose contract demands he cannot meet and acquiring the best green talent (and greenbacks) he can scrounge from other clubs.

"We're going to be a damn good team," Finley says with typical bravado. He made that declaration the night before the A's defeated Minnesota 7–4 on Opening Day. And at the same time he invited First Brother Billy Carter "to be our guest at Game 1 of the 1977 World Series." Carter, who was on hand to throw down the first six-pack and throw out the first ball, said he'd be there.

Chances are nil that Carter will get an opportunity to honor that commitment. Five of the A's new starters are rookies, and two others, Allen and Williams, are rejects from Philadelphia and Montreal. Oakland was the only team to pick Allen in the November free-agent draft, and Finley signed Williams on April Fool's Day after the hapless Expos released him and he was waived by the 25 other teams. Sanguillen is the only newcomer with old luster intact. He hit .290 at Pittsburgh in '76. Finley got Sanguillen in a most unusual—and one-sided—trade, the Pirates giving up their regular catcher and 100 grand to acquire the A's 1976 manager, Chuck Tanner.

The members of Oakland's rookie crop were expected to blossom on one big-league field or another someday, but no one thought this would be their year. They are a convivial and well-mannered, if slightly wide-eyed, lot. In contrast to the old two-fisted A's, they seem like fraternity pledges. "There's not any turmoil among the players like there used to be," North says with obvious disappointment. "None of them are bad kids, and they all want to do good. I just wish they had more experience. I can help them on where to play the hitters, but there ain't nothing I can say to give them five years of experience. There's no substitute for that. I have seen some expansion teams with more experience than we've got."

"When I signed with Oakland in '73," says Gross, "I said to myself, 'How will I ever break into that lineup?' I figured Triple A was as far as I could go. Then all those guys left, and I got my chance. I'm still getting over the shock of being here."

Until they came to Oakland, Page and Armas expected to be sent down to Pittsburgh's Columbus, Ohio farm team this season. "The Pirates had too many guys in the outfield," says Armas, a Venezuelan. "I knew I wouldn't make it with Pittsburgh as soon as I got to spring training," says Page, who was sent to the A's four weeks ago and batted .352 in exhibition games. "Being traded to Oakland was the best thing that ever happened to me."

None of the rookies is as well traveled as Scott. He was drafted by Kansas City in 1972, traded to Montreal last year and sent from the Expos to the Rangers to the A's during spring training. He is a daring base runner, a good fielder and a solid hitter who batted .307 at Denver last season. Despite his talents, Scott is properly reverent of the reigning stars. "Call me Rodney," he says, "because there is only one Rod. That's Rod Carew."

After Opening Day, Carew may begin to ask people to call him Rodney. Scott doubled, walked twice, stole a base, scored two runs and generated Campaneris-like excitement. Page contributed two hits, and Gross drove in two runs. And despite a modest defensive reputation, he turned an important double play. Positioned well in front of the third-base bag to protect against a bunt, he speared a Carew liner and doubled a runner off first. But it was the two rejects, Allen and Williams, who played the biggest roles in Oakland's win. Allen drove in two runs, and Williams brought the A's from behind for the third and final time by hitting a long homer in the sixth inning.

The next day Gross had his first major league homer and three RBIs and Allen, Page and Sanguillen had two hits each as the A's beat the Twins 9–6 in the opener of a doubleheader. In the nightcap, Finley's rookies and rejects were not as fortunate, losing 7–1 to Paul Thormodsgard, who pitched in Class A ball last season.

Of course, no accurate prognosis of the A's chances can be made on the basis of three games. But even if they are young and vulnerable now, who is to say that they won't some day be worth a poetic tribute of their own. Does anybody know a rhyme for Picciolo? END



The A's inexperience worries Bill North, one of three holdover regulars

AT FULL TILT INTO THE PLAYOFFS

Eight teams go at each other tooth, nail and elbow in the NBA's two-out-of-three mini-series. The four battered survivors will get a shot at the divisional leaders, who look serenely on, waiting for them **by Curry Kirkpatrick**

Well, here it is April already and nobody in the National Basketball Association has strangled, stabbed, tortured, chain-sawed or shot anybody else Not even a teammate. Such inactivity has not necessarily made this a dull season, merely slightly disappointing. Just remember how much we were promised.

All season long—from merger pangs to the referee strike last Sunday—the NBA has seemed to be a bubbling volcano ready to explode. It looked like there would be all kinds of nasty stuff this year. Julius Erving and George McGinnis slashing the tires of each other's Mercedes as the 76ers went slouching toward Bethlehem (Pa.). Jerry West and Jack Kent Cooke dictating subpoenas in a divorce action as the Lakers slid into the San Andreas fault. The Detroit Pistons immolating themselves in protest over . . . over having to play in Detroit . . . with each other. Instead, all the NBA offered in extracurriculars was the usual greed, jealousy and petty bickering among soul mates, most of which we can get enough of under our own roofs.

Shortly before the end of the season, for instance, Detroit's Marvin (Sad News) Barnes let the Pistons know that, given a choice, he'd just as soon skip the playoffs, not pass Go and go directly to Jail to serve his sentence for violating his probation. This was not meant to be particularly funny.



On the other hand, the fact that under the new playoff system the NBA completed 902 games to eliminate 10 of its 22 teams from contention for the league's 31st championship was not meant to be absurd either.

The merger created a deep talent pool out of which PT (playing time, to you non-participants) became a cherished commodity. The fact that there was not enough PT to go around caused more than the usual intrateam strife, not to mention individual frustration. Philadelphia and Detroit, the two most talented clubs in the league, were torn by dissension. Fights broke out among players in all four divisions. In what is believed to be a first, even for the NBA, radio announcers Terry Stembridge of San Antonio and Johnny Most of Boston almost came to blows over a controversial interview.

But the wedding of the NBA and the late, great ABA also produced as evenly matched a league as pro sports has witnessed in some time. Six teams won 48 games or more. Nine others won at least 40. Through the season's final games the playoff participants were still grappling for home court advantages and positions in the four first-round mini-series that began this week.

As a result of all this balance there is a rumor around that any one of eight teams can win the championship. This is nonsense. In reality, nobody can win. Of the four division leaders Houston is too slow, Denver too sissy, Los Angeles too dependent on the sky hook and the 76ers too preoccupied with being hateful to one another.

Be that as it may, the Eastern and Western conference representatives can be broken down into favorites, dark horse, no chance.

EAST. Favorites: Philadelphia, Washington, Boston. Dark Horse: San Antonio. No Chance: Houston, Cleveland.

WEST. Favorites: Los Angeles, Portland, Denver. Dark Horse: Golden State. No Chance: Chicago, Detroit.



But as often happens in pro basketball, the luck of the draw is half the battle. Last spring, to take one instance, every single round worked to the Boston Celtics' advantage in their drive to the title. Because of styles and jinxes and psychology, just to mention but a few factors, the Celtics wanted to face Buffalo instead of Philly, Cleveland rather than Washington and Phoenix rather than Golden State. And *voilà!* They got them all and, after that, the championship.

Last week the embattled defenders got back Charlie Scott from the injured list where he had spent 38 games with a fractured left forearm. With John Havlicek inventing a marvelous year (at age 37, he averaged 37 minutes and 17.6 points a game); with the prodigal pivot, Dave Cowens, working himself into shape; and with the two newcomers, Sidney Wicks and Curtis Rowe, now solidly (?) converted to "Celtic pride," Boston overtook Cleveland and thus forced the Cavaliers to contend with dangerous Washington in the first round.

Having added backcourt leader Tom Henderson at midseason in a deal that turned the team around, Washington can run with anybody including, specifically, Cleveland. Using Elvin Hayes, Wes Unseld and rookie Mitch Kupchak, the Bullets can muscle underneath with most teams as well. Certainly they should avenge last year's playoff upset loss to the Cavaliers, who seemed to peak in October (a bad time to peak unless you're Johnny Bench), then lost their soul when Nate Thurmond damaged a knee.

A quick knockout here might propel the Bullets a long way. Or at least to Texas, where the Houston Rockets' too tall trio of 7′ Kevin Kunnert, 6′ 8″ Rudy Tomjanovich and 6′ 10″ Moses Malone lies in ambush. The vastly improved Rockets, once the worst defensive team in the pros, are now the seventh best. They outrebounded opponents by seven a game, and Malone set an NBA record for offensive rebounds with 437. Houston emerged as the winner of the best-balanced division, the Central, by one game. But Coach Tom Nissalke admits "we have serious weaknesses. Anytime we face a team with speed, we're in trouble."

On the other hand, Malone and little Calvin Murphy are quick enough to embarrass the Bullets' Unseld and rookie Guard Larry Wright. But again, Nissalke says, "I'm just not sure we're as deep as Washington is." The Rockets aren't.

A Washington victory is expected. And yet . . . Hayes and Unseld have never performed exceptionally well in important playoff crunches (around the league this is called c-h-o-k-i-n-g) and Phil Chenier, the Bullets' outside threat, is too streaky.

The Celtics, meanwhile, will have to cope with San Antonio, the NBA's answer to Sam Peckinpah's Wild Bunch. The Spurs are capable of making the Celtics' blood run cold. "Those sum-

continued

bitches get started," says Jo Jo White, "you can be in hell."

Despite all the talk, San Antonio has yet to beat the Celtics this year, even in the havoc of the HemisFair Arena, where other teams may get the quivers but the sophisticated New Englanders keep their cool, even to the point of enjoying the whanging of electric guitars.

The Spurs seem incapable of guarding anything that has a tendency to move. George (Ice) Gervin describes his defense this way: "I put my hand in Havlicek's face. If he can shoot over a picket fence, he deserves what he gets." Yet because of their massive firepower—are 200 points in one game impossible?—the Spurs are the scariest team in the tournament.

No one is more aware of this than the Philadelphia 76ers, whom San Antonio has defeated three games out of four. "Playing at their gym is like being in a zoo," says Philadelphia General Manager Pat Williams. "We have no control of the game."

"Who would I like to play?" asks 76er Coach Gene Shue. "Not them."

Nor probably Boston. But Philly will have to face the rages of one or the other. "Celtic mystique will not affect our team," says Shue. Defense might, however. Cowens destroys the Philadelphia centers, Havlicek held Julius Erving to seven for 24 in their last meeting and George McGinnis, who should have a field day against non-defenders Rowe and Wicks, nevertheless has been under his average in three of the four Boston-Philly games. Still, Erving and McGinnis together averaged nearly 50 points a game down the stretch, and their history of ruling the ABA playoffs is a matter of impressive record.

Does this mean that the troubled 76er superstars will turn into monsters at the prospect of a championship ring? "I've never seen it happen,' says Havlicek. "Everyone thought West and Wilt and Baylor were going to do that right away, but they didn't. There can always be a first, but I've never seen it."

A second-round loss to either Boston or San Antonio would mean financial disaster for Philadelphia, a tragic denouement to the team's late-season problems, which have included Turquoise Erving's article blasting 76er players and management for everything from selfishness to bad seats for players' wives. "No one respects Shue," she wrote. "If we lost I wouldn't shed a tear."

Shue's unhappy thrillionaires should advance to the NBA finals on raw skill alone, but if they don't there won't be a wet eye in the house.

Such is not the case in the Western Conference playoffs, which will feature more sentimental favorites than a Bette Davis testimonial. For devotees of the fairy tale, there are the Los Angeles Lakers; for supporters of the oppressed minority, the Denver Nuggets; for fans of midwestern-heartland comebacks, the Chicago Bulls; for lovers of the fallen dynasty, the Golden State Warriors. And if you favor redheaded centers who rebound with fury and subsist on granola, there are the Portland Trail Blazers.

Ironically, a famous greeting from an old Davis movie—"Ah'd love to kiss you but ah just washed mah hair. Bye!"—might have served as Portland's theme after Bill Walton had cleaned up his act and was leading the vaunted Blazer running game past everybody. Then the Mountain Man was struck down by injuries, causing him to miss 17 games. Of those 17 the Blazers lost 12. Is it revealing enough that Portland's record with Walton (44–21) projected over the entire season would be the league's best; their projected record without him, the league's second worst.

Inasmuch as Detroit held off Chicago's furious late-season charge, Portland must face the coal-hot Bulls in the first round. Artis Gilmore, Norm Van Lier and their Chicago friends scorched the league by winning 20 of their final 24 games, but they were unable to whip Portland all year—even though the Blazers twice faced them without Walton. Chicago's gravest problem is matching up with the power forward of the year, Maurice Lucas, of whom former 76er (and current Milwaukee Buck) Mad Dog Carter says, "Lucas treats George McGinnis like a little boy." Now that the games really count, Lucas may treat the Bulls like little calves.

In a more fascinating mini-series, Detroit takes on the enigmas of the day, the Golden State Warriors, in a confrontation that could turn on just how well Bob Lanier's right hand holds up, not to mention how motivated Rick Barry decides to be.

At this time a year ago, the Warriors were pro basketball's best team. Now, with the same crew strengthened by a fine rookie center, Robert Parish, they are the most puzzling, one night scoring 150 points in a game, another night scoring eight in a quarter. Phil Smith often hogs the ball. Jamaal Wilkes has talked of quitting the game. The team misses a consistent playmaking guard and its record of 0–15 in games in which it scored less than 100 points reveals serious defensive shortcomings. Nonetheless, Barry proved he is still the game's best all-round forward during his battles against Philadelphia. When he is not pouting, Barry is magnificent enough to carry a team, even one lacking the cohesion and camaraderie that made it a champion two years ago.

Lanier helped Detroit defeat the Warriors three of four times, and now the big center is ready to play again despite the fact he broke his non-shooting hand only a month ago. But the Pistons often seem more interested in fighting among themselves than with opponents, and against such an unstable group as this it does not seem too late for Golden State to pick up its own pieces and nail the Pistons first thing out of the box.

This would set up Denver-Portland and Los Angeles-Golden State semifinals in the West and demonstrate the significance of the draw. the Nuggets can beat the Lakers but probably can't run or rebound with the Trail Blazers. Los Angeles thinks it has the Indian sign on Portland but probably does not against Golden State.

Denver went into its patented late-season tailspin even after the Nuggets had finally picked up some backcourt scoring so that David Thompson could move to forward. But they still looked tired and vulnerable toward the end when they played barely over .500. In addition, published reports had unnamed Nuggets criticizing Coach Larry Brown and accusing Center Dan Issel of a small heart. General Manager Carl Scheer threatened to give lie detector tests to his players, and Brown retreated into a shell.

The week off earned by a division winner will serve Denver well. "We're going back to training camp and put in some new stuff," said Brown.

The Nuggets always lost ABA playoffs because opponents roughed them up. Issel, backup Center Marvin Webster and muscleman Paul Silas must have exceptional playoffs to win. Unfortunately, Portland may be Denver's toughest match. Bobby Jones can't handle Lucas, and the Nuggets' overplaying defense gets burned by Dave Twardzik driving

continued

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DAVID O. HILL

HOME: New York City

AGE: 36

PROFESSION: Wildlife conservationist; international airline pilot

HOBBIES: Birdwatching, photography, chamber music.

MOST MEMORABLE BOOK: "Animal Species and Evolution" by Ernst Mayr

LAST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Founded Rare Animal Relief Effort, Inc. ("RARE"), a nonprofit, volunteer-run organization devoted to aiding endangered wildlife worldwide.

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the middle and dishing off. Conversely, the Nuggets (especially Issel) have an easier time against the Lakers and Kareem Abdul-Jabbar. For that matter, so does Golden State's Barry, who put on one of his outrageous shooting shows the last time the Warriors played L.A., scoring 40 points in a 132–103 victory.

But nobody has taken the Lakers seriously from the beginning. Contrary to popular opinion, Coach Jerry West did not recruit his supporting cast backstage at *Captain and Tennille*. Cazzie Russell, Lucius Allen, Don Chaney and the rest have had exceptional seasons, especially since enforcer Kermit Washington ruined his knee in the team's 53rd game. All the Lakers did then was replace Washington with rookie Tom Abernethy and go on to win the most games in the NBA (53) and set a record for home court victories (37). Earlier West talked of his "misfits, rejects and castoffs." Last week he changed his tune. "This team has worked hard," he said. "It deserves to be where it is. We got the chemistry. If we play tough and smart, we'll be there."

The Lakers were so into their work they requested that management ditch the pregame organ music so that Russell could choreograph his own rock 'n' roll tapes, the better to disco dunk. "L.A.'s supposed to have blasé crowds," Cazzie said. "We want them jacked up and lost in the excitement."

Los Angeles may get hopelessly lost in the excitement of dealing with the Chicago slowdown and/or the Denver passing game and/or the Portland break and/or Rick Barry, but it is difficult to imagine that Abdul-Jabbar, who is sure to be named MVP for the fifth time, will end his brilliant season on a downer, particularly with the home court advantage in every matchup.

Recently Kareem was asked why he was hanging on the rims during practice at the Forum. "Just working on some Abdul medicine," he said. Which might bear remembering in any playoff analysis.

The other day, on the opposite coast, the 76ers' Williams observed that his team was "unpredictable, but we could win it all going away with our manes flowing in the wind."

Besides the manes of young lions, Philadelphia also has a genuine physician, name of Dr. J. The question may well turn out to be, finally, does the Doctor actually have an antidote for the strong Abdul medicine? **END**

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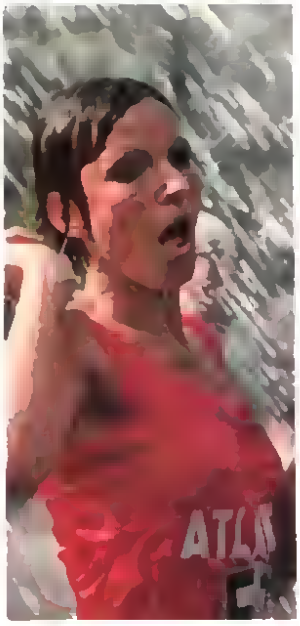
EVERYONE IS GETTING INTO THE PACK

A year ago, when Co Rentmeester took these pictures at the Boston Marathon, 1,898 men and women were entered. This April 18, in the race's 81st running, there will be a field of 2,500. Marathoning, once a feat for hardy loners—15 men competed in the first Boston Marathon—has become a mania. Until 1965 Boston usually had between 250 and 400 starters. But by 1969 there were 1,152, and in 1970 the field had to be limited by a qualifying time (now three hours for men under 40, 3:30 for women and for men over 40). Fifteen years ago there were only six marathons in the U.S.; last year, 166. And the goal is no longer just to finish but also to clock a good time. In 1970, 812 men completed a U.S. marathon in under three hours; last year 3,600 men and women did so. Now it seems inevitable that another record year is upon us as more and more marathoners get set to test themselves over that magic distance: 26 miles, 385 yards.

CONTINUED







Last year runners hosed down to beat the heat Other years they have bundled up against sleet



A phalenx as it streams through Hopkinton, the field will quickly become a miles-long parade



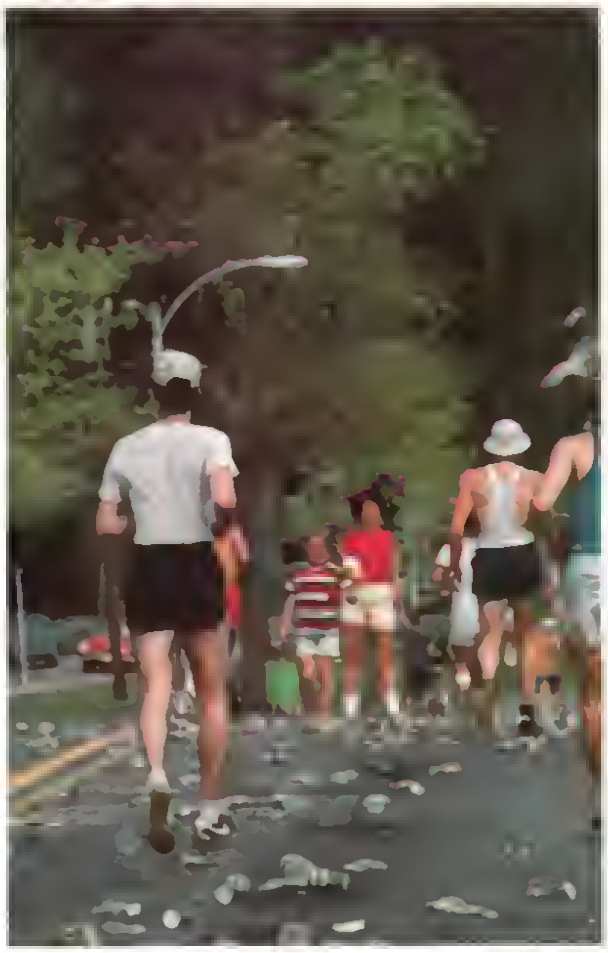
Their contribution can only be a brief cheer, but still the proud, hopeful families line the streets





Unabashed support for a runner often is enough to spur him on— if only one more torturous mile.





Some call it the "meat wagon." It patrols the course, picking up those the distance has defeated.



There are race-watching regulars, too, and they are equipped for their own test of endurance



The final miles often become unendurable and sometimes the body simply has to surrender

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For many, exhaustion will be mixed with joy. For others, it is so total there can be no feeling





THREE HOURS ALONE IN A SHARED STRUGGLE

There were three of us, close friends, who used to run in the Boston Marathon. This was in the '60s when no qualifying time was necessary and the fields were considerably smaller. Not that we hadn't trained hard for it—a lot of miles in a lot of snowstorms. But for us and our families, the Boston Marathon was sort of like a Harvard-Yale game in which we were allowed to participate.

We'd usually have pancakes the morning of the race. The idea was to fill our stomachs with something bland. One year I gave in to a glass of orange juice and was none the worse for it. At my eight-minutes-a-mile pace, I probably could have gotten away with champagne.

All the runners gathered at the Hopkinton High School gym. It was like a club reunion, people greeting people they hadn't seen in a year. The gym always reeked of wintergreen. Bodies were strewn everywhere, guys taping their toes, applying Vaseline, putting on a wild assortment of clothing, especially if it was cold. You can never tell about New England in April. I once ran in 70° heat, but I also ran in sleet. After changing, you had to take a physical, which was a joke. Lift your shirt, five seconds of the old stethoscope and out. Next. Then you'd pin your number on your shirt, front and back, roll your clothes into a knot and toss it on the bus to Boston. That's why you wore old clothes to Hopkinton.

Thirty minutes or so before noon you jogged to the starting line half a mile away. One clear day I caught sight of the Prudential Tower in the distance. Mount Everest in downtown Boston. There was always a huge crowd around the starting area—band, balloons, kids up trees, the works. You said goodby to family and friends, as in I won't be back till it's over, over there, and shook hands solemnly with the guy next to you, even though you might be spending the next three hours at his side.

Then the gun, a roar from spectators and runners alike and you were off. Slowly. The last year I ran there were over 1,000 entries and it took me 20 seconds merely to reach the starting line, a wide white stripe across the road. By then the leaders had turned right at the town green and were headed for Boston. Shortly after the start of the race came a stretch of road where you could see for perhaps half a mile, but every time I got there the leaders, along with their motorcycle escorts and press buses, were already gone. I never did see them, not once in five years.

If you trained diligently for the 26 miles, the first 13 were usually fun, no more taxing than a round of golf. The course through Framingham, Natick and Wellesley is free of hills, and crowds line both sides of the street, offering orange slices and cups of water and even calling out your name, having checked your number with the starting list in the Boston paper.

My family always met me in front of Munger Hall in Wellesley, where my wife went to college. There my sons would hand me some special brew, perhaps a Coca-Cola left open all night to get rid of the carbonation. They would jog along with me so I would not have to slow down. Slow down and you might stop. When I had gone they would return to the car and drive into Boston for the finish.

It always got tough after Wellesley. Chances were that something had already started to go wrong. A blister, maybe. An ache in the right hip. The curious thing was how one ill disposed of another. If the right hip ached enough, you wouldn't notice the blister.

Perhaps you've heard about the hills. They begin at about the 17-mile mark and you are not rid of them until 21. The first year I sailed through them in fair style, but I misjudged things badly the next year. I assumed the second hill was the last, figured I had only five miles to go, glanced at my watch and decided I had an excellent chance to break three hours. A mile further the third hill loomed into view. I had to walk up it.

A favorite memory: one year I was plodding up the final hill in the rain. There was no other runner nearby. At the crest stood two elegantly dressed Boston women, tweeds, fur wraps, leather gloves. They were talking, but just as I passed they turned and applauded lightly.

"It's all downhill" is what everyone yells at you once you pass Boston College. Five miles to go. By now you are very anxious to stop running. In fact, you may have already. I walked a bit in every one of my marathons. Distance running is a constant war between mind and body. The body starts saying stop at a certain point and the mind says no, and there comes a time when the body dominates the mind.

But in the last few miles the mind always takes control again. You know the end is near so you can ignore the latest problems. Leg cramps one year. Had to waste a minute massaging them. Another year some kids darted across the street and one of them stopped directly in front of me. It was too late and I was too weary to change my course, so we collided. One of them yelled at me but I had no energy to yell back.

I don't think I will ever experience anything quite like the finish of my first Boston Marathon. In downtown Boston the crowd had started to build again. Police blocked the intersections. One of them indicated a right turn off Commonwealth Avenue and, when I took it, there was the Prudential dead ahead. Up a little ramp and I was entering the closest thing I'll ever see to an Olympic Stadium. There were 200 yards more to run, slightly downhill with crowds standing behind barricades on both sides. I could hear my wife shout my name. I nearly sprinted down that stretch and, in the final 20 yards, I lifted my arms above my head, as Bruce Jenner would do 11 years later. Yes, it was showboating a bit, but at the moment I really didn't give a damn.

—WALTER BINGHAM

PHOTOGRAPH © BY ARNOLD NEWMAN

WOULD YOU BUY A USED HOCKEY PLAYER FROM THIS MAN?

Shrewd Sam Pollock trades today's surplus for tomorrow's stars, which is why Montreal should win another Stanley Cup

by JERRY KIRSHENBAUM

None of his NHL rivals would blame him—and most would be downright relieved—if Sam Pollock, the boss of the Montreal Canadiens, took life a little easier. It would be perfectly O.K. with them if Pollock, the Godfather of hockey, let a day pass without making the Atlanta Flames, say, or the Los Angeles Kings another of his too-good-to-refuse trade offers. And nobody would protest if, just once, Pollock went a whole weekend without combing the NHL bylaws for loopholes that might benefit the Canadiens. Go catch a trout, Sam. Play a round of golf. Enjoy yourself.

Alas, Sam Pollock is not cut that way. At 51, he remains what he has always been, a ham-fisted little man who simply cannot help brooding and fussing over his beloved hockey team. He finds no peace in the fact that *Les Canadiens* are a sports dynasty ranking right up there with the old New York Yankees and Boston Celtics. Or that the current team, which some people are calling the best in NHL history, opened its quarterfinal-round playoff series against St. Louis this week as a solid favorite to win a second straight Stanley Cup, and the eighth in Pollock's 13 years as general manager. Or that the Nova Scotia Voyageurs, Montreal's entry in the American Hockey League, are loaded with enough young talent to keep the parent club strong for years to come.

"You just can't relax," Pollock pleads, discounting these all-too-apparent riches. "You can't take anything for granted. People say we're the best, but the Stanley Cup is like a new season. In horse racing, 2-to-5 favorites don't always win, know what I mean?"

A gruff high school dropout who bears little resemblance to the sort of glad-handing boulevardier you might expect to be running the dashing Canadiens, Pollock is a paunchy 5′ 6½″, with slitted eyes and a viselike mouth. Although he speaks French as well as English, he says so little for publication in either language that reporters invariably write about his mannerisms rather than his words. Thus it has been duly recorded that when he is not nervously pacing the floor, Pollock spends a lot of time clutching the bottom of one of his shoes, blowing his nose (he suffers from sinusitis) and mopping his monkish bald patch.

It is also well chronicled that Pollock seldom sets foot inside an airplane if he can possibly help it, journeying to such distant points as Minnesota and Chicago, and even Los Angeles, by chauffeur-driven limousine. He characteristically declines to say why—"It's nobody's damned business"—except to note that he can get a lot of paperwork done in the back seat of an automobile. So it was that Pollock set out the other day for a meeting of the NHL's Player-Owner Council in New York. As the driver wheeled Pollock's 1977 Lincoln Continental off on the start of the 750-mile round trip, the boss sat beneath a dim light, poring over the contents of the four briefcases that always accompany him. He arrived in New York at midnight and showed up at the meeting the next morning. The eight others in attendance flew in for the session, which was held, after all, at La Guardia Airport.

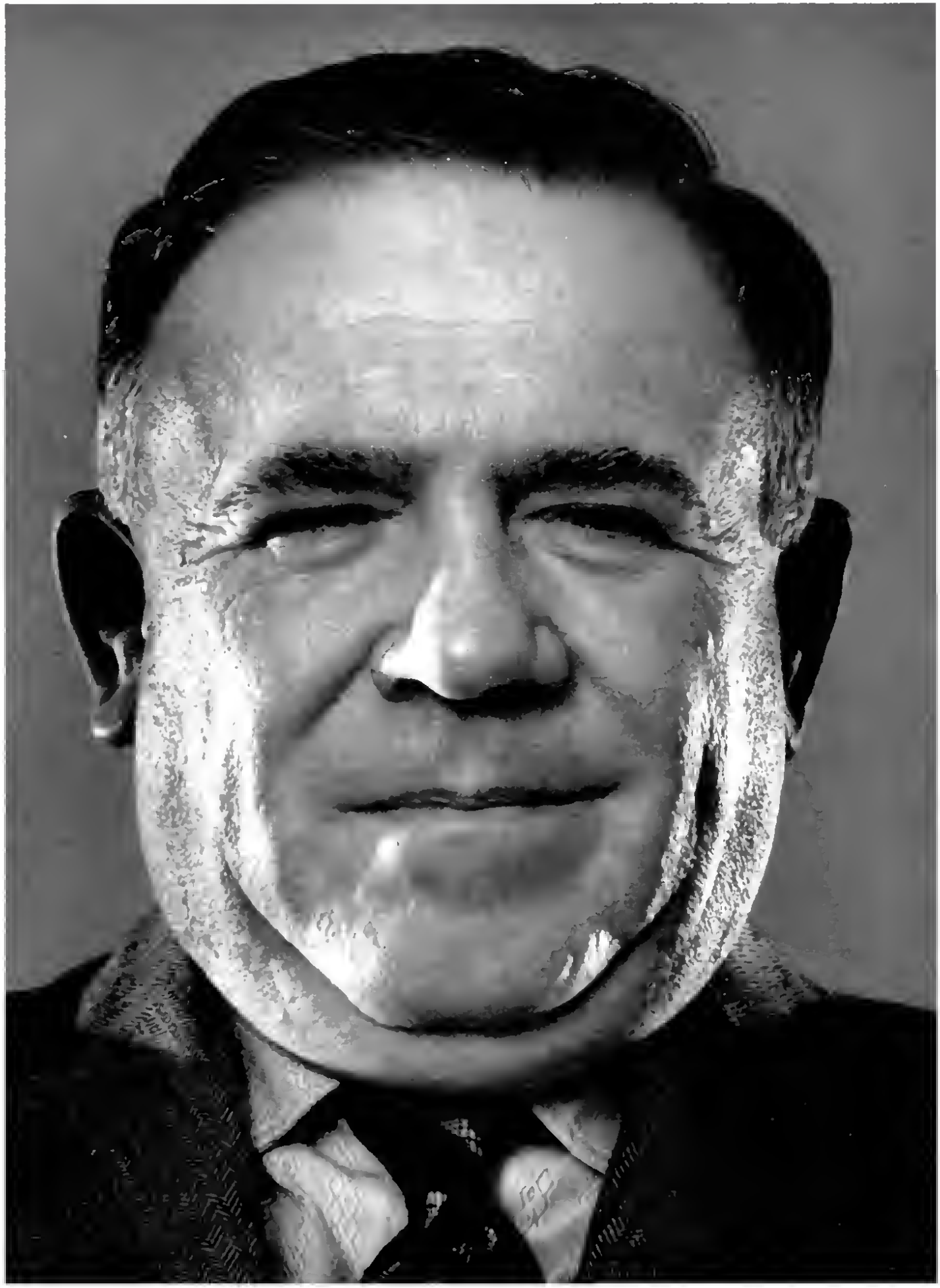
Despite his unorthodoxies, Pollock manages to stay a step ahead of everybody else. In New York he stayed in a $160-a-day suite at the Regency Hotel, where two jangling telephones kept him huffing and puffing. Boston's Harry Sinden would call on one phone, whereupon St. Louis' Emile Francis would ring on the other, and Pollock would no sooner hang up a receiver than somebody else would be on the line. During a lull, he slumped onto a couch, his ruddy features tightening into a faint smile. "Isn't this something?" he said, acting as though it were all out of the ordinary.

The fact is that Pollock built the present-day Canadiens with a succession of Byzantine deals (*see box*) that required phone calls—and plenty of them. But Pollock is unlike certain other wheeler-dealers you find in sports—George Allen, Jack Kent Cooke, F. Eugene Dixon Jr. and Mike Burke, to name a few. They traffic in big names and big bucks and expect quick results. Pollock prefers to build his juggernauts gradually. "There's a temptation in sports to try to buy instant success," he says. "You keep reading where teams make trades to help them this season. We hardly ever do that. We make deals that will help us three or four years from now."

Pollock concentrates on hoarding first-round draft choices, which have become his stock in trade. Drawing on Montreal's seemingly bottomless pool of talent, he deals surplus players, who are good enough to help most other teams, for first-round choices, the best of whom eventually become the Guy Lafleurs, Steve Shutts and Bob Gaineys that Montreal keeps turning up. Those who fall short of stardom become the surplus players he then trades, neatly enough, for more first-round choices. Pollock is so adroit at all this that he went into the NHL's amateur draft a few years back with *five* first-round picks, leaving the remaining 11 to be divvied up by the 15 other teams. In all, eight of the present Canadiens were first-round selections, with seven of the eight being claimed with other teams' picks. Nor is the end in sight; Pollock has options on at least four first-round picks in the next two years.

Simple though the procedure appears, it works only because Pollock is skilled

continued



at both judging and developing talent. For all his nervous mannerisms, he can be both patient and circumspect. An improbable organization man, he surrounds himself with sound hockey people like Coach Scotty Bowman and former Coach Claude Ruel, now the club's director of player development. It is a measure of Pollock's confidence in them—and, heaven knows, of his patience—that he does not listen to radio broadcasts of Montreal road games. Instead, he waits for Bowman or Ruel to telephone him with the results. "It's hard to follow something I can't see," he says. "When I get it from Scotty or Claude, then I know what's happened."

In an era of free agents, runaway salaries and general turmoil in sports, Pollock has been a bastion of common sense. "Sports is basically a business like any other," he preaches. "You've got to keep expenditures in line with revenues." When the rival WHA came along to bid up salaries, Pollock was flexible enough to increase his payroll and offer multiyear contracts. Unlike the wild-spending New York Rangers, however, he refused to go overboard, swallowing hard as Réjean Houle, J. C. Tremblay, Frank Mahovlich and Marc Tardif bolted to the WHA. Similarly, when Goaltender Ken Dryden asked to renegotiate his contract after leading the Canadiens to the Stanley Cup in 1973, Pollock refused. Dryden sat out a year in protest, the Canadiens lost the Cup and Pollock wrung his hands even more than usual. But Dryden returned the next season (Houle is now back, too), and while the goaltender does not admit he was wrong, he will not say Pollock was in error, either.

"I'd probably have done just what Sam did if I'd been in his position," Dryden concedes. "If he'd renegotiated with me, it would have resulted in either an enormous number of other renegotiations or bad feelings." And Dryden's agent, Arthur Kaminsky, says, "Sam has vision. His salaries are fair and they bear a realistic relation to one another. He doesn't let one player throw it out of whack."

Pollock also waited out the two years—1974 and 1975—that the Philadelphia Flyers won the Stanley Cup. Philadelphia-style intimidation became all the rage in the NHL during that period, and some Montreal sportswriters second-guessed Pollock for not following suit. Anguished by the Flyer success, Pollock nevertheless stuck to the Canadiens' traditional skating game, refusing to transform the Flying Frenchmen into the St. Catherine Street Bullies. "You've got to have a plan and stick to it," he says. "It's like building a house." Pollock was vindicated last year when Montreal skated to a 58–11–11 record, the best in NHL history, then won 12 of 13 playoff games, including a four-game sweep of Philadelphia in the finals. This year's team had an even better 60–8–12 record (only one of those defeats occurred at home), meaning that Montreal has now lost just 20 of its last 173 games. None of which comes close to satisfying Sam Pollock.

Pollock's rampant perfectionism extends to everything he does. "Sam is painstaking and thorough," says Bowman, a Pollock protégé who managed the St. Louis expansion franchise into the Stanley Cup finals three straight seasons and then, after a dispute with the St. Louis owners in 1971, returned to Montreal to coach his mentor's Canadiens. "When he gets into something, he finds out everything he can about the subject." This is true of the Jersey cattle Pollock owns, and of his fine collection of Canadian art, particularly works by the Group of Seven. This also goes for the precautions Pollock took when B'nai B'rith honored him last month (Pollock is a Presbyterian of Scotch-Irish extraction) as Montreal's Sportsman of the Year. The dinner was one of those $25-a-plate affairs, attended by more than 800 in the Queen Elizabeth Hotel, and for reasons best known to himself, Pollock insisted in advance on carefully going over the names of the 40-odd dignitaries at the head table.

Recognizing that Pollock's managerial gifts go beyond the business of hockey, brothers Peter and Edward Bronfman, chief owners of the Canadiens, recently elevated him to a directorship of Trizec Corp. Ltd., a large real estate firm they control. The Toronto Blue Jays obviously recognized the same qualities, for when they landed their American League franchise they sounded out Pollock about running the club. Baseball is another subject Pollock is up on, so much so that Wren Blair, the former Minnesota and Pittsburgh hockey executive, insists that at a sports banquet a decade or so ago Pollock easily beat the late Charlie Dressen, then manager of the Detroit Tigers, in a baseball trivia contest. Pollock turned down the Blue Jays, but allows that he might have welcomed such a challenge 10 years ago.

Pollock came by his interest in baseball early. Growing up in the English-speaking Montreal suburb of Snowden, he helped out in his father's men's shop and, as a teen-ager, was already enough of an operator to organize Canadien players of the era—it was the mid-'40s—into an off-season softball team. That brought him to the attention of the Montreal front office, and he soon had a job as a local scout. Still, he seldom missed a home game of the Montreal Royals, the Brooklyn Dodgers' Triple A farm club. (Curiously, he was a Dodger-hater, preferring the New York Giants.) And on Sundays Pollock often drove alone to Plattsburg, N.Y., 100 miles away, where his car radio could pick up broadcasts of major league games. "It didn't matter who was playing," he admits. "I was a real fan."

With the Canadiens, Pollock worked as a scout, a junior- and minor-league coach and, finally, as the fast-moving (by airplane in those days) director of the splendid farm system that General Manager Frank Selke Sr. had organized. Until, at age 37, he wed Mimi Kinsella in 1962 (they have three children: Mary, 13; Sam Jr., 10; and Rachel, 4), everybody went around saying, "Sam's married to hockey." It was, at times, a tempestuous union, which may have been why Pollock enjoyed the restful hours spent with baseball. Gilles Tremblay, a former Canadiens' star and now a club broadcaster (his playing career was shortened because of asthma), played for Coach Sam Pollock at Hull-Ottawa, where the Canadiens had a club in the old Eastern Professional League. Tremblay recalls the time Hull-Ottawa played an exhibition against the Canadiens, who were led by Maurice Richard, Doug Harvey and Jean Béliveau. Pollock drilled the minor-leaguers as though the exhibition were the Stanley Cup final, and fired-up Hull-Ottawa actually led 2–1 before collapsing in the third period to lose 5–2.

"Sam was furious with us," Tremblay recalls. "He kicked chairs around in the locker room and called a practice the next morning."

When the 71-year-old Selke stepped aside in 1964, Pollock was named to succeed him. He has not kicked a chair since—a fact that *Montreal Star* Sports Editor Red Fisher attributes largely to the rising cost of furniture. But it was the same old Pollock who for many years sat a few rows behind the Canadien

continued

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bench, upbraiding players and referees in a screaming voice. "It was a mistake sitting down where the action was," he admits. "I got too excited." Pollock now watches games from a high, remote corner of the Forum, where he belabors Ruel, who sits next to him. "Look at that!" he rages at the slightest Canadien mistake. "I thought that was taken care of! *Look at that!*"

Although he is totally committed to the operation of the Canadiens, Pollock also has found time to acquire considerable clout in the councils of the NHL. He is the man hockey people come to when they want something important done, whether it be working out the formula for an expansion draft or running Team Canada (which he did, triumphantly, during last fall's Canada's Cup). In these dealings, Pollock can be both brilliant and brusque. "He doesn't suffer fools very well," says one NHL official. "The trouble is that he's so far ahead of most of the people he's dealing with." But Minnesota North Star General Manager Jack Gordon thinks that Pollock sometimes seems abrupt simply because he *is* so busy.

"Sam's always got a dozen meetings to go to," Gordon says. "One minute you can be sitting across from him, the next minute you look up and he's gone. He's not rude, just quick."

Pollock has few detractors. Some people, though, like to suggest that, well, after all, he inherited his Canadien powerhouse from Mr. Selke, didn't he? And there is no doubt that he has been helped by the team's glorious winning tradition. Yet the charge ignores the fact that as Selke's farm-system director, Pollock played a key role in building the well-oiled organization he later took over. It further ignores the fact that at the time he assumed command, the Canadiens had suffered through a four-year drought during which Chicago and Toronto were winning the Stanley Cup. At any rate, Atlanta General Manager Cliff Fletcher, a onetime Pollock protégé in the Montreal organization, notes, "Even if Sam has merely maintained a dynasty, that's probably harder to do than to build one."

Alongside the NHL's 12 newer (post-1967) teams, it is obvious that the six original clubs enjoyed certain advantages, an existing stockpile of players being the main one. Significantly, though, the only original club other than Montreal to avoid a spell of hard times has been Bos-

continued

HOW MONTREAL'S DYNASTY WAS BUILT

Captain Yvan Cournoyer (who underwent back surgery recently and will not skate in Montreal's Cup chase), Center Jacques Lemaire, handyman Jim Roberts and Defensemen Serge Savard, Guy Lapointe and Pierre Bouchard all graduated to the Canadiens' roster through the NHL's old sponsorship program, whereby teams owned an amateur's professional rights almost from the time the player entered kindergarten. Here is how the wily Pollock filled out the Canadiens' present roster:

KEN DRYDEN, goaltender. After Boston drafted Dryden as a 16-year-old amateur in 1964, Pollock immediately traded draft choices Guy Allen and Paul Reid to the Bruins for the pro rights to Dryden and Alec Campbell. Only Dryden has played in the NHL.

MICHEL LAROCQUE, goaltender. In 1968 Pollock traded Bryan Watson to California for the Seals' No. 1 pick in the 1972 amateur draft, then used it to select Larocque as Montreal's second choice—and the sixth overall—in the draft.

LARRY ROBINSON, defenseman. Using Los Angeles' second-round pick, acquired in a 1970 trade that sent Dick Duff to the Kings, Pollock made Robinson his fourth choice—and 20th overall—in 1971.

RICK CHARTRAW, defenseman. Using "future draft considerations" acquired along with "a player to be named later" in a 1973 deal that sent Bob Murray, Chuck Arnason and the NHL rights to Dale Hoganson to Atlanta, Pollock made Chartraw his third pick—and 10th overall—in 1974.

BILL NYROP, defenseman. Using "future considerations" obtained hours earlier during a complicated series of pre-expansion deals with Atlanta, Pollock made Nyrop his seventh choice—and 66th overall—in 1972.

GUY LAFLEUR, right wing. In 1970 Pollock quietly traded Ernie Hicke and the Canadiens' No. 1 pick in that year's amateur draft to California in exchange for Francois Lacombe and the Seals' No. 1 choice in 1971. When California finished the 1970-71 season with the NHL's worst record, Pollock used its No. 1 pick to select Lafleur.

STEVE SHUTT, left wing. Using Los Angeles' first-round pick, acquired in a 1968 deal that sent Goaltender Gerry Desjardins to the Kings, Pollock made Shutt his first pick—and fourth overall—in the 1972 draft.

BOB GAINEY, left wing. In 1972 Pollock acquired Atlanta's No. 1 pick in 1973 as part of a "future considerations" transaction. Before the 1973 draft he traded Atlanta's No. 1 pick, and fifth overall, to St. Louis for the Blues' No. 1 choice in 1973, the eighth overall, and their No. 1 pick in 1974. In other words, for moving down three places in the draft, Pollock acquired an extra No. 1 pick for the Canadiens. Pollock then drafted Gainey with St. Louis' choice in 1973.

DOUG RISEBROUGH, center. In 1974 Pollock traded spare Center Dave Gardner to St. Louis for the Blues' No. 1 pick in that year's draft, then used it to make Risebrough Montreal's second choice—and the seventh overall.

MARIO TREMBLAY, right wing. In 1973 Pollock traded Defenseman Bob Murdoch and Forward Randy Rota to Los Angeles for a chunk of Jack Kent Cooke's money and the Kings' No. 1 pick in 1974. Pollock then used the Kings' draft to make Tremblay Montreal's fourth choice in the first round—and 12th overall.

MURRAY WILSON, left wing. No wheeling or dealing here. Pollock used Montreal's regular first-round draft choice—the Canadiens' third pick in the first round—to select Wilson 11th overall in 1971.

PETER MAHOVLICH, center. In 1969 Pollock obtained Mahovlich and Defenseman Bart Crashley in a straight player deal with Detroit, Garry Monahan and Doug Piper going to the Red Wings.

DOUG JARVIS, center. In 1975 Pollock traded minor-leaguer Greg Hubick to Toronto in exchange for the NHL rights to Jarvis, who had been the Maple Leafs' No. 2 pick that year.

YVON LAMBERT, left wing. In 1971 Pollock had his Montreal Voyageurs farm team pick Lambert from Detroit's Fort Worth affiliate in the "reverse" draft for minor-league clubs.

RÉJEAN HOULE, forward. In 1967 Pollock, at the behest of the Board of Governors, helped organize the plans for all the drafts as the NHL expanded from six to 12 teams. As part of the expansion agreement, Pollock also retained draft rights to the two best French-Canadian juniors for a period of three years. He used the so-called Pollock Amendment to draft Houle (and former Canadien Marc Tardif, now with Quebec in the WHA) from the Montreal Junior Canadiens in 1969.

ton, which happened to have had Bobby Orr on ice most of the time. Detroit and the New York Rangers, for example, both failed to qualify for the Stanley Cup playoffs again this season.

In setting himself up as a kind of banker to newer teams, Pollock was doing what the other established clubs might have done, too. "There's nothing particularly shrewd about the concept of trading for future draft choices," says NHL President Clarence Campbell. "It's just that Sam has done it with consummate skill."

Examples of Pollock's craftiness abound. Want a promising young player? The Oakland Seals did in 1970 and Pollock dealt them Left Wing Ernie Hicke, a pretty good rookie. But wait. As part of the deal Pollock got Oakland's 1971 first-round choice, and when that turned out to be the first pick overall, he drafted Guy Lafleur, now the two-time NHL scoring leader and the game's best all-round player. Need a goalie? The newly launched Atlanta Flames did in 1972 and Pollock gave them the expendable Phil Myre. What Pollock got in return—sometimes a banker is content to *preserve* his assets—was Atlanta's promise to leave Montreal Defenseman Bob Murdoch alone in that year's expansion draft. Sly, too, was the way Pollock kept archrival Boston from drafting amateur Goalie John Davidson in 1973. Pollock owned the draft pick just ahead of the Bruins and he dealt it to less-menacing St. Louis, which grabbed Davidson.

Inevitably, the fast-stepping Pollock has left some grumblers in his wake. "Sam always gives you a rowboat for a battleship," complains Toronto Maple Leaf owner Harold Ballard, who has been burned several times by the man from Montreal. Two years ago, in fact, Pollock shrewdly gave Ballard a rowboat for the rights to second-round draft choice Doug Jarvis, now the Canadiens' face-off and checking specialist. And General Manager Jack Gordon vows that his North Stars will think twice before peddling any more high draft choices to Pollock, as they did rather routinely when Wren Blair was their general manager. Like St. Louis and Los Angeles, other regular Pollock customers, the North Stars usually got value for their draft choices, capable players who helped bring the young clubs instant respectability. Over the long haul, though, only those expansion clubs that providently held on to their draft futures—Philadelphia, Buffalo, the New York Islanders—have enjoyed enduring success.

"What Pollock does defeats the entire purpose of the draft, namely to strengthen weaker teams," says Buffalo General Manager Punch Imlach, who has built the Sabres into a contender without benefit of a single deal with longtime rival Pollock. "He feeds on weaker teams desperate enough to mortgage their futures for immediate help. The way it stands, Pollock can carry this on forever The Board of Governors should step in and stop this foolishness."

Indeed, there is sentiment around the NHL that Pollock's—and Montreal's—gaudy success is somehow bad for hockey. At a time when the NHL as a whole is awash in red ink, it is certainly incongruous that the turnstiles at the Montreal Forum keep clicking away and the TV revenues keep pouring in—with the result that the Canadiens will make something like $2 million this year. Though he broods about the future of hockey as he does about most other things, Pollock does not apologize for his good fortune. His features a mask of anxiety, he demands, "Is it a sin for the Cincinnati Reds to be on top, too? Is it a sin that in the business world some corporations do better than others?"

Faced with the NHL's inequities, some reformers would like to reinstate the league's internal draft—a Big Brother type of program by means of which the have-nots can pluck excess baggage from the haves. If not quite a Break-Up-the-Canadiens campaign, this would enable lesser teams to pick up morsels from the Montreal banquet without paying Pollock's usual stiff prices. Not surprisingly, Pollock advocates abolishing such a draft altogether. "It benefits everybody to see weak teams rebuild, but it shouldn't be done by force," he says. The solution to the NHL's lack of parity, he says, is to award extra amateur draft choices to struggling teams "so they can develop their own talent." Though that is a little like the fox recommending that the chicken coop be better stocked, it also happens to be the soundest approach.

Because he is so brusquely efficient, Pollock comes across at times as an impenetrable figure. Few hockey people have ever been inside his house, a comfortable stone dwelling protected by two large dogs ("They're also pets but. . . .") and an alarm system. Pacing about his simply furnished Forum offices, he seems ill at ease. Shutt, who led the NHL this season with 60 goals, says, "You'll pass him in the hall and he'll say, 'Hi, Steve,' and just keep going I think he's basically shy."

But it also happens that Pollock, so often aloof and abrupt, is one of sport's most benevolent operators. If Montreal eminences like Jean Béliveau, Henri Richard and John Ferguson all retired without the rancor that so often surrounds such star-spangled departures, it is partly because Pollock makes a practice of bestowing what amounts to retirement bonuses totaling, in some cases, an extra year's salary. Astonishingly, all three Montreal coaches who previously served under Pollock—Toe Blake, Ruel and Al MacNeil—are still with the club in some capacity. MacNeil, for instance, replaced Ruel during the 1970-71 season, coached the Canadiens to the Stanley Cup and then resigned—or was replaced—after some anti-MacNeil sniping initiated by Henri Richard. To reward MacNeil, Pollock promptly made him general manager-coach of the Nova Scotia Voyageurs, a job so cushy that MacNeil has since turned down coaching offers in both the NHL and WHA.

Pollock's only chronic morale problem—and given the Canadiens' depth, it is scarcely avoidable—is that some players feel they should be getting more ice time. Earlier this season a couple of top amateurs in British Columbia even announced that they did not want to be drafted by mighty Montreal, preferring to go with lesser teams where they might break into the lineup right away. Between phone calls at the Regency, Pollock reddened as he discussed this irksome matter. By damn, he said, the Montreal Canadiens would draft "the best available players" regardless of their personal preferences. But then his manner softened.

"Maybe they were trying to tell us they aren't good enough to play for us, know what I mean?" he said. Plainly, the British Columbia lads should have kept quiet. If they *are* good enough to play for the Canadiens, they would figure, in time, to win more Stanley Cups than they ever dreamed possible, then to settle into grand and comfortable retirement. If not? Well, Pollock would ship them pretty quickly to one of those lowlier teams they had in mind anyway. For a first-round draft choice, of course. They could almost count on it. **END**

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Three generations of the Payson clan—John, Charles and Chas —take a gander at a dead gobbler

AT PAYSON'S PLACE HE'S JUST PLAIN CHARLIE

With seven elegant residences scattered around the country to choose from, Charles Shipman Payson feels most at home in the rustic informality of his secluded Florida hunting ranch

by ***VIRGINIA KRAFT***

For a man who owns a spread on the coast of Maine, a horse farm in Kentucky, a 100-acre estate on Long Island, a house at Saratoga, an apartment on Fifth Avenue and a Hobe Sound mansion on Florida's Gold Coast, deciding on any given day where to rest his head could be perplexing. But for Charles Shipman Payson, the owner of all of the above as well as a yacht and a plane, the decision is simple. The place he prefers to all others is his 12,800-acre hunting ranch in south-central Florida, and for a good part of the year that is where he is most likely to be found. Not that it is easy to find him. The ranch is so far off the beaten track that except for the odd cow that might wander by or the occasional low-flying plane overhead, it could go unnoticed among the cypress swamps and palmetto jungles of Florida's last frontier. Which is exactly the way Payson likes it.

There is no telephone on the ranch and until a few years ago there was no electricity. The rutted dirt-track entrance, which is off a little-traveled county road, bears only the sign TREE FARM. No name. No number. Not even a mailbox. By design, Payson gets no mail there, and no newspapers are delivered. A quarter of a mile or so down the track there is a split-rail fence and beyond that several modest wood buildings painted green, which house the ranch manager and his family and a dozen or so English pointers. A handful of trucks and hunting vehicles are parked alongside a 1974 station wagon whose license plates read METS.

Farther along the track is a comfortable but hardly elegant three-bedroom ranch house, which is where Payson and his guests rest their heads these days. Until four years ago, when the house was built, they stayed in one of the green bungalows. Before that, they slept in tents.

What prompted Payson to pitch his tent in this remote part of Florida 21 years ago, and what continues to lure him back season after season, is the bird shooting. Ever since his boyhood in Maine, hunting—and especially bird shooting—has been the sport he has most enjoyed. In the middle 1950s, determined to find a place to hunt close enough to his Florida residence that he could do so regularly, he enlisted two longtime friends,

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Elliott Dunwody and John Shuey, to help him locate some good bird shooting within 150 miles of Hobe Sound.

South-central Florida was then, as now, largely undeveloped. To anyone familiar only with Florida's densely populated east and west coasts, with their unbroken palisades of high-rises and hotels, this part of the state is an improbable surprise. The land stretches flat and fertile from horizon to horizon, a vast sea of grass punctuated by tall stands of slash pine, islands of palmetto, sabal palm and green myrtle, by cool, dark cypress swamps and hummocks lush with tropical plants and wild fruit trees

There is a primitive quality about the land, a sense that it has never been inhabited. The vast savannas are reminiscent of East Africa, and one expects at any moment to come upon a herd of buffalo in the tall grass or to surprise a giraffe nibbling on the tender leaves of a tree

This is cattle country. The land is fenced, but this has not always been so; at one time everybody ran cattle on everybody else's land and nobody paid much attention to who owned what. Then in the 1930s the Florida government required that all cattle be inoculated, and in order to round them up fences became necessary.

Much of the land in Payson's area, some four million acres, was sold originally by the state of Florida in the 1880s for 25¢ an acre, then sold and resold again as the Florida land boom roared to a climax before being smashed by the great hurricane of 1926 In the early 1930s Dunwody's father, who in the wake of the crash had picked up the acreage Payson now owns, sold it for $2 an acre to the man who, in 1955, eventually sold it to Payson for $35 an acre.

Payson's original purchase included six miles on each side of the county road, or some six sections more than his current 12,800 acres. To his present regret, and against Shuey's advice, he had second thoughts about just how good a deal he had made and sold off the six sections. A few years ago the same land was going for $600 an acre. Today it is valued in excess of $1,000 an acre and Payson would happily buy up the entire county if he could get his hands on it. The idea is not entirely preposterous.

For most of his 78 years Charles Shipman Payson has loomed larger than life-size over his fellows, both physically and financially. At 16 he stood 6' 3" and was a four-letter man at Salisbury (Conn.) School where he was on the swimming, football, baseball and tennis teams. Although a knee injury in his freshman year at Yale prevented him from playing football, he rowed on the crew for three years and boxed both there and at Harvard Law School.



In a turkey blind at Payson's Place, Charlie forgets all about financial coups and empire building

Shortly after graduating from law school in 1924 he married Joan Whitney, the bouncy, blonde daughter of financier Payne Whitney, a union that was described by a columnist of the day as "of great importance to society in New York, Boston, Newport, Portland, Washington and other cities." The fact that in addition to funding his daughter's wedding, Papa Whitney also paid $2,041,951 in income taxes that year, an amount exceeded only by Henry Ford and John D. Rockefeller Jr., did not go unnoticed by the columnists. When Whitney died three years after the wedding, leaving an estate that was at the time the largest ever probated in the U.S., Joan and her brother John Hay (Jock) Whitney shared an inheritance in the neighborhood of $200 million.

But Payson, in his own right, was hardly an economic disaster. He was born in Portland, Maine of forebears as illustrious as the Whitneys'. His ancestors include Daniel Carroll, a signer of the Constitution of the United States, and a long line of Congregational clergymen on his father's side, and the Civil War General John Marshall Brown on his mother's. While his vivacious wife was making headlines in the society columns, Payson was making headlines on the business pages.

While still in his 20s he took over a small sugar company, and in a coup that so impressed fellow Yaleman Henry Luce that the latter used several columns describing it in the then fledgling TIME magazine, Payson worked out an ingenious method of legally dodging the high tariffs on sugar imports from Cuba, bringing his sugar in taxed at 83¢ a ton instead of the customary $40. Before the loophole was finally plugged he managed to considerably sweeten the family coffers. In 1933 he won a $500,000 patent suit protecting his rights to a simple, low-cost process for making stainless steel. There was nothing simple about its future worth to the automobile industry. By the time he was 40, Payson's fortune and fancy had expanded from sugar and steel to uranium, oil and railroads.

The growth of his ménage kept pace. There were two sons, Daniel Carroll, who

continued

was killed in the Battle of the Bulge at the age of 18 after enlisting in the infantry as a private, and John Whitney, now 37 and an art dealer in Hobe Sound; three daughters, Sandra, Payne and Lorinda (now president of the Mets); and numerous dogs, horses, cats, frogs and other assorted pets, followed eventually by 11 grandchildren. Joan Payson's private three-bedroom railroad car in which she commuted between the family's many homes was as apt to be cluttered with children, animals and bicycles as with visiting royalty and Van Goghs, Matisses and Lautrecs. Later baseball players and horse trainers climbed aboard.

As the years went by, Joan Payson, who may have been even more colorful than most of the players on her baseball club, continued to garner headlines while her husband remained in the background. When the Mets, after losing 737 games in seven years, won the World Series in 1969 on, as it happened, Payson's 71st birthday, the team showered him with champagne in a victory celebration. It was the first time Payson had ever been in the Mets' locker room, and even then he was there only because his wife had been unable to return from London in time for the game.

After her death in 1975 Payson inherited the ball club along with practically everything else. "At first I wasn't interested in it," he says. "I gave 10% of the Mets stock to each of the children, made Lorinda [de Roulet] president, and I went back to quail shooting. But then I started getting involved and it has turned out to be a lot more interesting that I thought it would be." This spring Payson was in St. Petersburg, Fla. for the inaugural game in the new Al Lang Stadium, and nobody cheered louder as the Mets trounced the Cardinals.

Like baseball, horse racing was Joan's domain. Greentree Stud, which she owned jointly with her brother, was second only to the Mets in her affection and it was not uncommon to see her holding a transistor radio to her ear while she watched a baseball game as she listened to the race results at Belmont. Payson, on the other hand, displayed extraordinary talent for forgetting the names of Greentree's celebrated thoroughbreds. Suddenly saddled with a stable, he has changed. Last year he decided to visit the horse farm in Lexington, Ky. for a firsthand look at exactly what kind of horseflesh he owned.

"I wound up spending five days there studying everything," he says. "I had no idea it was such a fascinating business. Very exciting. I'm really hooked and I expect to be spending considerable time with the horses."

He will also be spending considerable time this summer on his newest boat, *Saga IX*, a 70-foot combination cruiser-sportsfisherman—if a craft that big can be called a sportsfisherman—that was launched this March.

"I thought of calling it the *Last Saga*," he says, "but then, there's always a chance that it won't be."

The latest *Saga* is 10 feet longer and one cabin bigger than its predecessor, giving Payson added entertaining space for the America's Cup races off Newport later this year. He needs the extra space because he is planning to entertain more guests than usual as he plays host to not one but three 12-meter crews. A major backer of U.S. cup competitors since 1964, Payson has the distinction in this go-round of being heavily into the *Enterprise* and the *Independence* as well as the trial horse *Intrepid*. By the time the races and the entertaining are over in September, he expects to be more than ready to retreat to the ranch.

Escape might be a better word, for this is what Payson does at the ranch. The business and social demands that hound him elsewhere get no farther than the plain wood fence on the county road. The cordon of servants that runs his many abodes is conspicuously absent at the ranch. No butler, maid or valet materializes at his elbow the instant he clears his throat. Instead there are only the ranch manager and his wife, Floyd and Edith Whidden, and Esther Woolery and her husband Frank, who cook and clean up most of the time but occasionally do not turn up at all. Even when they do, they depart after dinner, leaving Payson to fix his own Dubonnet on the rocks, to turn down his own bed and to raid the refrigerator.

Payson shuffles around the place dressed in well-worn, too-short chinos and a sport shirt gaping across his ample stomach. He still has a full head of red hair only partially flecked with gray, and his florid, fleshy jowls hang like the wattles on a turkey gobbler. He is a huge man with hands the size of dinner plates and a great booming voice that comes up from his diaphragm and gains timbre and volume as it rumbles forth in a roar that would do his clergyman ancestors proud.

Payson wears glasses to read but not to shoot, or to do anything else, and he boasts of having all his wisdom teeth, and other faculties. The power, the strength, the extraordinary will that made him what he is are still very much in evidence. In New York or Maine or Hobe Sound he conforms to the conventions imposed by wealth and position, but at Payson's Place, as he calls the ranch, the rules are nobody's but his own.

"Look at what he eats," says Esther, "Franks and beans and rice and macaroni, and honey on everything. Can you imagine him getting away with that at Hobe Sound? Back there he is *Mr.* Payson, but here he's just plain Charlie. This is where he lets down."

It is an easy place for letting down. Deer are everywhere, bounding through the sawgrass, feeding in open fields, tiptoeing single-file into the bottoms. The rare wood ibis feeds among the cattle egrets and blue herons. Sandhill cranes take off like flying boats from one of dozens of lakes scattered through the ranch. Bobcats lurk along the edges of the swamps and alligators sun themselves on muddy banks.

There are feral pigs in profusion, all descendants of a barnyard porker that strayed generations ago. The pigs run in family clusters of 10 or a dozen, appearing suddenly from a thicket before disappearing again.

There are doves to shoot in the millet fields in fall and largemouth bass to catch in late afternoon. There are bobwhite to hunt from October to mid-March—thousands of birds coveyed in the palmettos and on the broad savanna. And deep in the cypress swamps are wild turkeys, the king of American game birds, the quarry Payson would rather pursue than any other.

Florida has fall and spring turkey-hunting seasons and Payson hunts during both, but it is in the spring when only gobblers may be taken and the bird is at its most splendid that he most enjoys the sport.

A wild gobbler in spring is a spectacular sight. Its head is a kaleidoscope of color, changing from white to blue to red as the bird struts. At the peak of the gobbler season its wattles are a brilliant crimson and its topknot becomes swollen and pendulous. From its iridescent flank feathers to the rust-brown of its tailband, it is a bird of unparalleled majesty. Ben-

continued

"I WAS SCARED TO DEATH."

Dotty Henschen had reason to worry. She was under fifty, yet phlebitis had struck twice. And her small hometown of Norwood had lost its only doctor.

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A bank loan helped bring a medical clinic to Dotty Henschen's town.

jamin Franklin fought to make it our national bird and lost out to the bald eagle. Had he presented his case in spring, the outcome might well have been otherwise.

What brings about this transformation, not surprisingly, is love. The tom turkey struts forth to conquer, its entire being fine-tuned for the seductive *yelp, yelp, yelp* of its lady love. And this is its undoing. This wily bird, perhaps the most astute and elusive of all the avifauna on this continent, this bird which in saner moments has eyesight superior to a mountain goat's, hearing more acute than a deer's, cunning greater than a cat's, this creature that has tantalized sportsmen for generations becomes, for a brief period each spring, a pushover.

Well, almost a pushover. Which is to say that it is somewhat easier to bag a tom turkey in spring than in fall, more or less the way it is somewhat easier to scale the Eiger in summer than in winter, which really means that for most of us there is not much likelihood of doing either at any time of year.

The sportshunter has made no noticeable dent in turkey populations across the country. On the contrary, populations continue to grow and expand everywhere. Once in danger of flying into the abyss of extinction, the wild turkey has made the most spectacular recovery of any species in this century. Today the bird thrives in every part of its original range and, more remarkable, in many regions where it was unknown a hundred years ago.

Payson's role in the turkey's recovery dates back 21 years and has involved stocking and year-round feeding programs as well as habitat improvement. "I've planted a million trees here," he says, "and created entire forests out of what were once swamps." Of the 60,000 wild turkeys believed to inhabit Florida, it is safe to say that a substantial number of them reside at Payson's Place.

In the spring, turkeys are hunted there from blinds made of palmetto leaves and palm fronds. The hunters ride out in fat-tired trucks well before first light, creeping under cover of darkness into four-foot-square blinds equipped with chairs. The damp morning air is heavy with the sweet and sour smell of the swamps. Somewhere in the darkness, still safe from the night's creatures in their roosts high above the forest floor, the turkeys await the new day.

Waiting for the turkeys is the hardest part of the hunt. There can be no motion, no sound. Legs and necks grow stiff and an ominous frog begins to rise in the throat. The temptation is to doze, but not for long. Soon the mosquitoes show up, then the chiggers. Suddenly there is a snort and a grunt and then the sound of shuffling outside the blind. Pigs have arrived, parading in single file from the thicket to root in the clearing just beyond the blind. They mill around on the other side of the palmetto leaves, only feet away, making a hurra, hurra, hurra sound. They suspect something is amiss but they do not know what.

Slowly first light filters into the clearing. Then, from somewhere deep inside the tall timbers, a turkey gobbles. It is an electrifying sound. And then it is no more. The pigs continue to mill. A huge crow swoops into the clearing and lands on a low bush. Others follow it in, circling briefly, then take up sentry positions on nearby branches. One lands on the blind and with a raucous screech takes off again, as startled as the occupant by the encounter.

The hunter shifts to peer through one of the two half-dollar-size holes in the palmettos. There, incredibly, is a turkey, its head projecting like a periscope above the backs of the pigs. They seem completely at ease together, old friends. The heart pounds faster. Breathing stops. Reaching in slow motion for the shotgun, the hunter eases carefully out of the chair and thrusts the gun over the blind wall. The turkey is already disappearing into the far thickets, its spurred legs carrying it away as swiftly as it had come.

From the east comes the distant sound of a shot. It is 7:15. After five consecutive mornings of sitting out the chiggers, the mosquitoes and the pigs, Payson finally scores. He is like a 10-year-old boy as he tells and retells the story all the way back to the ranch house. Accompanied by his son John and grandson Chas., Payson carries the bird back, admiring its wattles, the color of its head, the length of its beard. His hunting hat is decorated with the beards of turkeys past, and already this newest one is figuratively being fitted into the felt. Forget the financial coups and the empire building, the corporations he once headed and the industries he dominated. At this moment they are overshadowed by the morning's triumph. Titan of our times he may be, but first and foremost Charlie Payson is a turkey hunter. END



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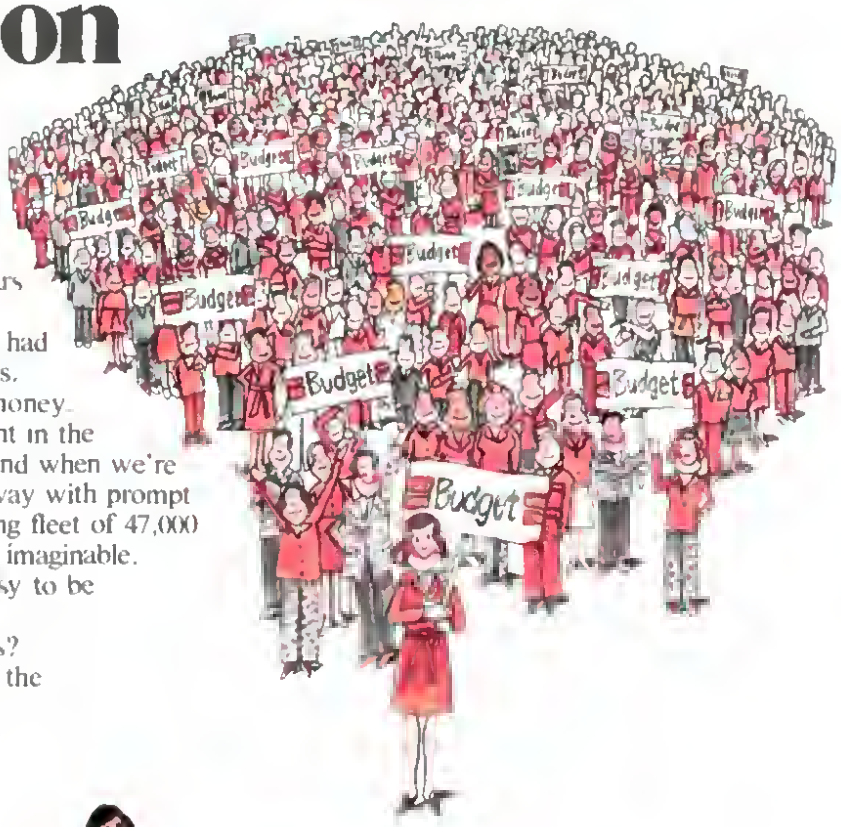
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by WILLIAM LEGGETT

TRASHSPORT SHOULD BE CANNED

Perhaps *The Superstars* season is over on television for this year, but how can one really tell? Those who maintain that the hockey, basketball and baseball schedules are too long should note that *The Superstars* has gone from one show in 1973 to 10 this winter and has become the ultimate in Trashsport, those made-for-TV events.

The last time I watched *The Superstars* it was in the first phase of its "world competition" from Callaway Gardens, Ga., having already gone through U.S. male superstars, women superstars, team superstars and goodness knows what else. Despite the sameness of the telecasts and a scoring system that even Buckminster Fuller could not understand, *The Superstars* draws decent audiences because TV has hyped Trashsport to the hilt to suit its own purposes.

Television sports departments love shows like *The Superstars*; they fit into any time period and can be used to bulk out an afternoon's programming. And without doubt, *The Superstars* is a skillfully done filler. It is so well done, in fact, that one show looks exactly like another. The entire product is so homogenized that a few minutes after it goes off, you can't remember what you watched. All you are left with are vague images of a lot of guys diving through tires, riding bicycles, climbing walls and lifting weights.

The success of *The Superstars* on ABC begat CBS' *Challenge of the Sexes*, as mindless a piece of treacle as can be imagined. A male and a female athlete compete in a sport, with a handicap usually given to the woman to make things more or less equal. Each time I force myself to watch *Challenge*, an old radio show comes to mind. It was called, I think, *The Adventures of Squeaky and Sputters* and played weekday mornings as children were getting ready for school. The highlight of the show was the dressing contest during which a "Magic Electric Eye" would look out through radio sets to see who was getting dressed faster, the boys or the girls. As I recall it, Squeaky would sing a ditty that went "Oh, this is the dressing contest, let's see who'll win. When I give the signal, we'll all begin." The Magic Electric Eye was turned on, and Squeaky and Sputters would keep score. "There's a boy done, and one girl," Sputters would announce. Somehow the boys always seemed to win two dressing contests, and the girls two. Naturally, there would be one tie.

Trans World International, an amalgam of entrepreneur Mark McCormack's jock clients and his television crews, is the outfit that originated *The Superstars* (it now also does *Challenge*, its spin-off, *Celebrity Challenge of the Sexes*, and *Battle of the Network Stars*), using an idea thought up by figure skater/color announcer Dick Button. To show how far such foolishness can get you, Barry Frank, who used to be in charge of Trashsport for McCormack, is now head of CBS Sports.



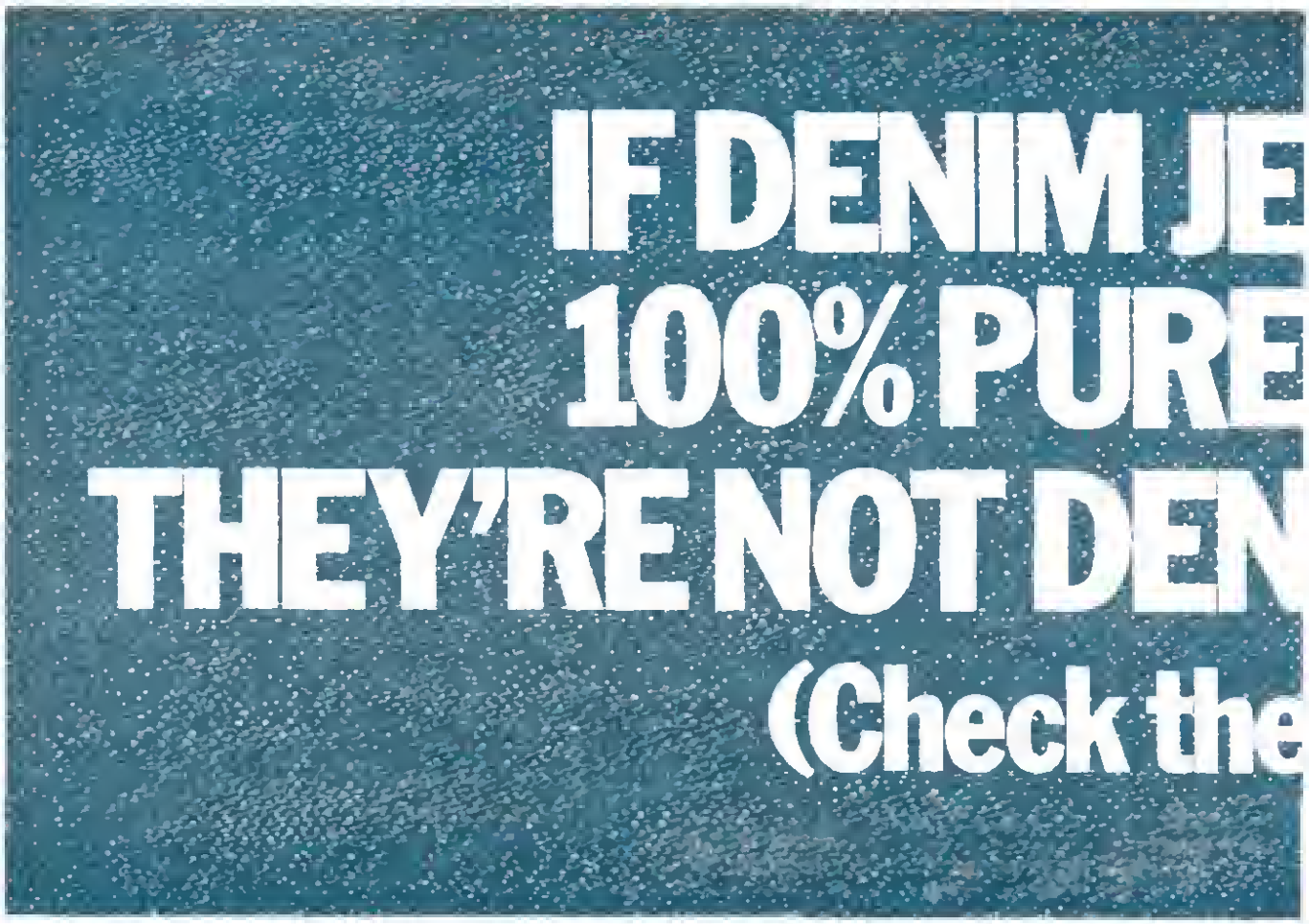
McPEAK'S HIGH-WIRE ACT WAS A "SPORTS SPECTACULAR" LOW

All of which goes to disprove the theory that Trashsport was invented by ABC's *Wide World of Sports* to bewilder viewers whenever *Wide World* scheduled a prizefight as part of its Saturday programming. For years many of us played a maddening form of dial roulette, switching from a live event on another network to ABC to see if the fight had appeared yet. According to *Wide World* host Jim McKay, it was always coming up "momentarily." That usually meant a very wide world of wrist-wrestling matches and demolition derbies would be telecast before the fight, which was almost always crammed into the last minutes of the show. Thus, although it didn't invent Trashsport, *Wide World* played a major part in its evolution.

Nowadays just about anything goes on *Wide World* or CBS' *Sports Spectacular*. It is not unusual to see a circus or a bunch of guys diving off rocks in Acapulco on these shows. This winter Steve McPeak did a high-wire climb in Rio de Janeiro on *Sports Spectacular*, and Evel Knievel seems to be on TV more often than Cloris Leachman (Lord, deliver us from Evel.)

Yet I get a feeling that Trashsport has peaked. While the ratings do not support me (*The Superstars*, for example, drew an average audience share of 31% this winter), early indicators of a move away from Trashsport have started to surface. All three networks have returned to live boxing in a big way, because Muhammad Ali and the U.S. Olympic team have shown that the sport can attract big audiences. A decade of demolition derbies has probably been enough, and dare-deviling can only go so far. Not long ago CBS aired a prime-time program called *Evel Knievel's Death Defiers*, and I detected something in it that might mean even Evel's shows may be numbered. He was supposed to soar on a motorcycle over a pool full of sharks in Chicago's Amphitheatre. Instead, he smashed up during rehearsal. After Announcer Jill St. John told of the accident at the beginning of *Death Defiers*, she immediately added, "We'll have a report on Evel's injuries right after this commercial."

Real sport can still grow on television; its inroads into prime time—from 136 hours to 235 in the last three years—have been stunning. Anyone who watched the recent NCAA basketball championships on NBC should have come away with the feeling that, while all televised sport cannot be quite that exciting, the possibility for high drama always exists when TV puts its cameras on genuine competition. With Trashsport, the sameness and artificiality are numbing, and the people who produce, market and promote it have bored us just about up to here. After all, we outgrew Squeaky and Sputters years ago. END



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The party became a lynching

The coach was the first casualty in the reign of new 49er GM Joe Thomas

After walking the unemployment line for three months, Joe Thomas returned to pro football last week, taking over as the general manager of the San Francisco 49ers. Predictably, the controversial Thomas arrived in his new hometown with all the subtlety of the 1906 earthquake. At the press conference called to welcome Thomas and the club's new owners to San Francisco, the gathering at the Fairmont Hotel was stunned by the announcement that Monte Clark had been fired. Then it was explained that Clark, the 49ers' popular and successful young head coach, had been let go because he refused to hand over control of player personnel to Thomas. Said a club employee, "This is the sorriest day in 49er history."



Thomas wants a coach who is content to coach

Maybe so, but it was just another day in the life of Joe Thomas. The world of pro football has never been quite large enough for Thomas and a head coach, as Norm Van Brocklin, George Wilson, Don Shula, the late Don McCafferty, Howard Schnellenberger and, most recently, Ted Marchibroda all discovered.

While personnel director of Minnesota and then Miami in the '60s, Thomas chafed under the belief that too much credit for the success of those expansion teams was going to the coaches—and not enough to Joe Thomas for procuring the talent. Disgruntled, he left the Dolphins in 1972 after having built the teams that went on to win the 1973-74 Super Bowls. But a few months later Thomas assumed full control of the Baltimore Colts by selling the idea of "owning your own team" to Robert Irsay, a Chicago-based air-conditioning-systems millionaire. In a complicated deal engineered by Thomas, Irsay bought the Los Angeles Rams and then traded them to Carroll Rosenbloom for the Colts.

Thomas tore apart an aging Colt team, discarding such legends as Johnny Unitas and John Mackey, and stood resolutely on the bridge as the Colts sank to last place. Then once again he confounded his critics as the Colts emerged with a young divisional champion led by the new Unitas, Quarterback Bert Jones, who brought Baltimore to the top of the AFC East in 1975 and 1976. But in the process, Thomas went through five head coaches, including himself, and three months ago lost his long power struggle with Marchibroda, the coach he had hired only two years earlier. This time it was Thomas who was fired, by Irsay.

It therefore seemed inevitable that Thomas would get off to a rocky start in San Francisco. Indeed, one veteran Thomas watcher viewed the Clark firing as nothing more than another outbreak of "Robespierre's Syndrome." "Robespierre was the fellow in the French Revolution who was responsible for chopping everyone's head off," he said. "He had a little black book, and if you were in it you were done for. The only way they could stop him was to cut his head off. So that's what they did. That's Robespierre's Syndrome. Joe chopped all the heads in Baltimore until finally he got his own head chopped. And it'll happen again here."

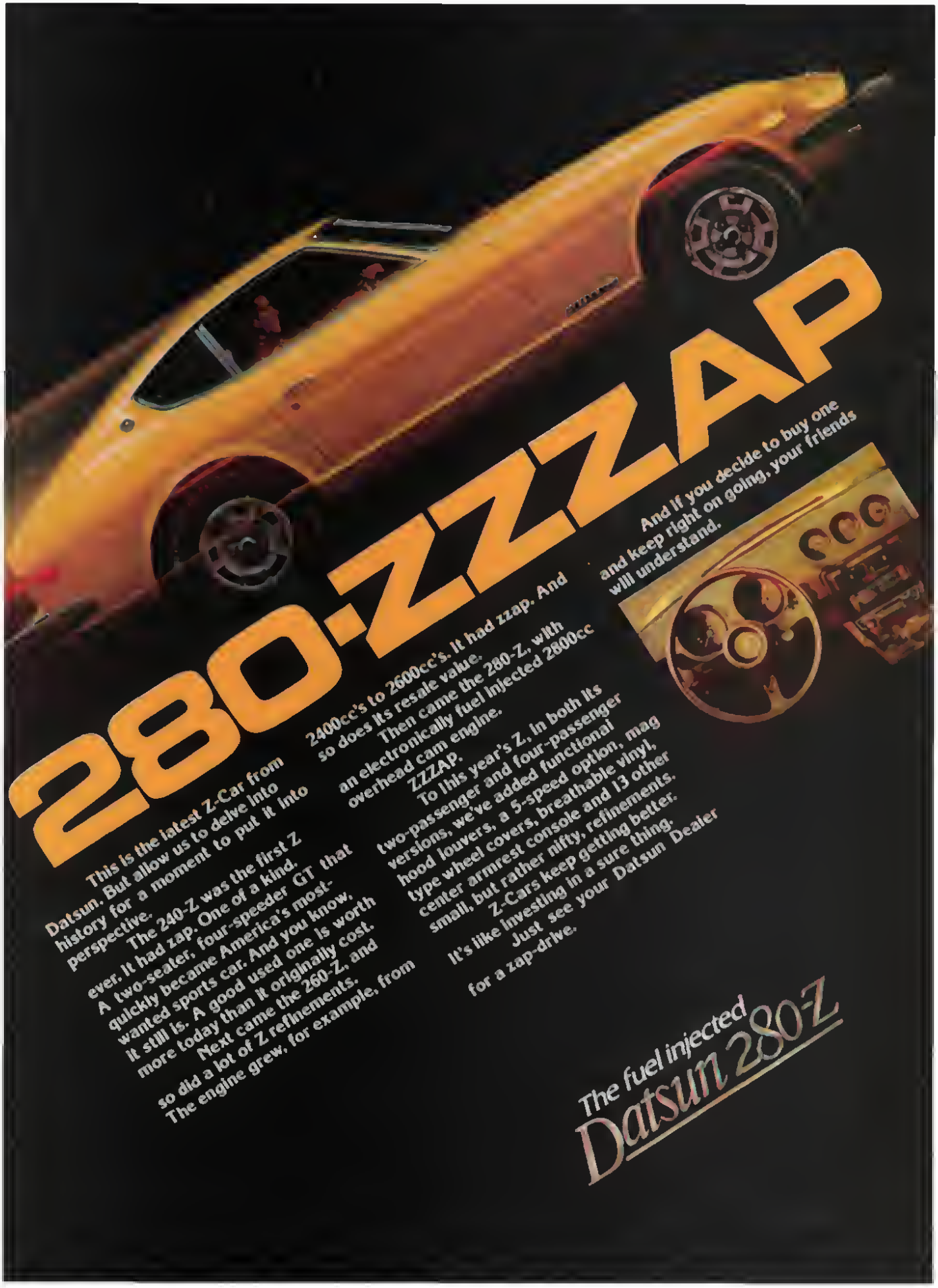
Still, Thomas' dismissal of Clark came as a shock to 49er fans who felt they had found a savior in the 40-year-old coach. Clark, who was a Dolphin offensive coach under Don Shula for six seasons, was the most highly sought assistant in the NFL when San Francisco hired him last year. To get him, the 49ers had to agree to his terms, which in the words of his four-year contract, included "any and all changes or alterations" in the squad.

Clark won over San Francisco's critical fans early in the season when the 49ers shut out the hated Rams 16–0 in Los Angeles in a nationally televised Monday night game. Clark received a hero's welcome when the 49ers landed in San Francisco. Fans crowded around Clark at the airport, chanting "Clark's No. 1, Clark's No. 1," and it was a long time before he could make his way to the safety of his car.

When the 49ers won their final game to finish at 8–6, their first winning record in four seasons, the players gave Clark the game ball. As Defensive End Cedrick Hardman said last week, "The game ball wasn't so much for anything that had happened in the season we had just completed but for what we all felt lay ahead in the future." As it turned out, what lay ahead was the end of Clark's coaching career in San Francisco. The 49ers had been for sale for more than a year, and in Ohio there was a family that had been thinking of buying an NFL franchise for almost 20 years.

The Edward J. DeBartolo Corporation of Youngstown is America's leading developer, builder, owner and operator of shopping centers and enclosed malls. Ten years ago Edward J. DeBartolo Sr.—called The Boss or Mr. D, never Ed or Eddie—met Thomas at the College All-Star Game in Chicago. They talked about the business of pro football for three hours, and over the years they stayed in touch. When Thomas, then unemployed, called two months ago to see if DeBartolo might be interested in buying the 49ers, Mr. D said yes, with one condition, that Thomas agree to run the team. DeBartolo signed Thomas to a contract, assigning him, as it turned out, most of the same responsibilities Clark had, then negotiated to buy the team. When the $17 million purchase was completed, he named 30-year-old Ed Jr.—called Ed-

continued


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die—president. For two weeks, Thomas, Clark and their lawyers tried to reach a compromise on their overlapping job descriptions. Negotiations continued until late on the eve of the press conference at the Fairmont.

Clark remained outwardly calm in public, but a close friend described him as "uptight. I mean he's walking around really uptight." In return for handing over his control of the team, Clark was offered a two-year extension to the three years remaining on his contract, a raise—retroactive to Jan. 1, 1977—from $57,500 to $72,500 for this season and an annual increase of $5,000 instead of $2,500.

"If I'd been in this for a fat wallet, I'd have been delighted," said Clark

When Clark turned down Eddie DeBartolo's offer, Eddie upped the ante: he said he'd shelter the money that had already been offered. "That's $72,500 net," said DeBartolo Sr., incredulous that Clark showed little interest in the cash being waved in front of him. "It's been my dream to be a successful head coach," Clark countered. "I've taken this stance to maintain that dream."

And so there stood Eddie DeBartolo and Joe Thomas Wednesday night making their first appearance as 49ers as the bearers of bad news. Eddie tried to ameliorate the situation by announcing that Clark was still welcome to coach the team if he was willing to redefine his authorities, but that was a public relations gesture. In the back of the room, The Boss could afford to be a little less diplomatic. "You can only kiss a guy's fanny so far," he said. "Then you've got to get rid of him."

Pressed about the decision to fire Clark, Eddie DeBartolo got a little exasperated. "Does everyone fail to realize that with an investment of $17 million this is a business?" he asked. "This is not a play toy. We did not buy this team for a head coach. We're going to run this team the way we run any business."

"If it's not a play toy," muttered one spectator, "why did the old man buy it and give it to his son?"

The news of Clark's dismissal was made even less palatable to 49er fans by the knowledge that Al Davis, the managing general partner of the neighboring Oakland Raiders, had received more than $100,000 for helping bring the DeBartolos from Youngstown to San Francisco. Some NFL owners questioned the eth-

ics of Davis' finder's fee, because an NFL rule forbids an owner to have a financial interest in another team. But Davis poohpoohed that notion. "I'm no different than Hugh Culverhouse," he said, referring to the Tampa Bay owner. "He's a lawyer and he's doing the tax work on this deal. I'm sure he ain't doing it for nothing."

It is clear that Davis helped jack the price up considerably. Less than a year ago the 49ers were almost sold to Wayne Valley, a former part owner of the Raiders who had sued Davis for control of the club and lost. Davis got wind that Valley was going to buy the 49ers for $11.3 million in cash. "It was bigger than a Brinks deal," Davis said. "The heist was on." Davis convinced a friend, Franklin Mieuli, the owner of the Golden State Warriors and a 5% owner of the 49ers, to exercise his first refusal right over any purchase. Even though Mieuli eventually failed to come up with the needed money, this tactic stalled the sale until the 49er owners realized their asking price was too low. Eight months later they received almost $6 million more than Valley's proposed $11.3 million from the DeBartolos.

Why were the DeBartolos willing to spend so much for a football team? The morning after the press conference, shortly before boarding his Lear jet for the trip home, The Boss talked about the family's move. "Football opens doors," he said. "In three weeks our company has gotten more publicity than it has in the last 30 years. If we'd come here to announce a $1 billion construction deal, we wouldn't have had a camera. That's what Al Davis pointed out. Because of our company's nature, we'll get more benefit out of this than any other owner in the NFL would. I went down to San Mateo yesterday to look at two mall sites that were brought to our attention just because of this."

There is irony in Thomas' being located across the bay from Al Davis. "Joe's frustration," says a longtime acquaintance, "is that he has never been able to duplicate Al, to be a total czar and have coaches stay in the background. Al has exactly what Joe wants and Joe will probably never get there. Al is devious, Joe Thomas is all up front. He'd much rather punch you in the mouth than stab you in the back."

San Franciscans learned that first hand last week. END




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One for all, but not all for one

After China won both team titles, it was 'friendship first, competition second'



Huang Liang switched from pips-out to smooth

That famed Chinese repertory company, The Ping-Pong Players, was in Birmingham, England last week to revive some classics at the World Table Tennis Championships. As before, the cast showed that though the plot may be familiar, a classic need not be tiresome. For example, one oft-staged production, *The Taking of Swaything Cup*, otherwise known as the men's team championship—also called Ho-Hum in Mandarin—seemed, with its bright new stars and its new bits of business, an imaginative improvisation throughout.

The advance reviews had been raves, particularly the reports on two performers who would be making their world championship debuts. One was Kuo Yao-Hua, whose style, it was said, combined the traditional Chinese rapid-fire, penholder-grip forehand attack with the modern European high-trajectory loop. The other player, Huang Liang, was a controversial magician—his detractors said trickster—who employed a ghastly unorthodox style and a ghastly unorthodox bat. Huang had first been seen in late 1975 when, like a secret weapon in the final stages of design, the Chinese sent him for testing to the Yugoslav Open. There Huang humiliated Europe's best, beating Stellan Bengtsson, Sweden's 1971 world singles champion, 21–14, 21–4 and Bengtsson's teammate Kjell Johansson, world singles finalist in 1973, 21–4, 21–13.

"On the plane back from Yugoslavia, Johansson and I seriously discussed giving up the game," Bengtsson said at Birmingham. "After all, if the rules allowed Huang to use that racket in that way, what was the point of continuing."

Huang's racket, though unorthodox, is not new. His handling of it is. Most players use the same surface on both sides of their bats. For 95% it's grippy smooth-faced rubber laminated to an underlayer of sponge rubber 2mm. thick. Almost all the rest use a pips-out rubber facing over the sponge layer.

But a few mavericks use smooth rubber on one side and pips-out on the other. Because the two surfaces have completely different characteristics (pips-out is slower and less grippy), the two-siders, with their hard-to-read variations in spin between forehand and backhand, are often nuisances.

Huang Liang was more than a nuisance at Birmingham, he was a menace. He has seemingly perfected an astonishing trick: wielding a bat that is pips-out on one side and smooth on the other, he switches it around continually during a rally, using either side for forehand or backhand. Primarily a defensive player, Huang can, for example, chop two successive backhands, the first a nothing-ball off the pips-out, the second a sizzling spinner off the smooth—both with the same motion. Further confusing things, Huang makes his switcheroo at the moment it's least detectable to his opponent—precisely as his opponent is hitting the ball. On his own serve (excepting his "special" serve) Huang crouches, hides his bat below the table, twirls it to the desired side and comes up swinging.

"You need two sets of eyes," said a Huang victim, "one for him, one for his bat." Four-eyed men being rare, the Czechs at Birmingham proposed a rule change: bats with two different rubbers must have a different color on each face.

Huang's bat is not his only method of torture. He has incorporated into his game the high-toss serve, a specialty developed by the Chinese. The rules require that the ball be tossed upward and hit on the drop. To shorten the receiver's preparation time, most players keep their toss as low as possible, about four or five inches. But 50% of the time Huang tosses the ball up about 15 feet, the tennis equivalent of a serving toss of 200 feet. The toss alone must have taken months to perfect. It has two advantages. The extra velocity of the falling ball allows the server to dig deeper into it, thereby getting more spin, and it also causes the receiver to commit errors because of the tension of waiting for it to fall. On this serve, made from an upright stance, Huang hides his racket behind his back—naturally.

At the 11-day championship staged at Birmingham National Exhibition Centre—a stark, gray convention complex that provided little sports-pageant atmo-

continued

sphere—the play followed its customary format. The first five days were devoted to team competition among the 459 players from 57 nations. China was defending both the Swaythling Cup for men and the Corbillon Cup for women.

In the Swaythling Cup, China's only significant opposition was Hungary, Sweden and Japan. Of these, Hungary—whose team included 26-year-old Istvan Jonyer, the defending world singles champion—had the best chance. But Jonyer's recent record had been poor, and besides there were those who said that his title, won in Calcutta in '75, had been a Chinese gift. To China, team titles, a collective achievement, are more important than individual titles. In fact, individual titles don't seem to be of *any* importance to them. Certainly at Calcutta, when the singles play began, many Chinese stars disappeared in suspiciously early rounds.

At Birmingham, a good gauge of Jonyer's strength relative to the Chinese was the opening-day odds quoted by Ladbrokes, the official betting shop for the tournament. In the men's singles Kuo was 3 to 1, Huang 4 to 1, world champ Jonyer 16 to 1. All others (excepting Jacques Secretin of France at 12 to 1 and several other Chinese) were 20 to 1.

But if the cup matches were an indication, Jonyer's strength was underrated, for in the Hungary-China competition he won two of his three matches and these, surprisingly, against the speedster Kuo and the trickster Huang. The powerfully built Jonyer proved that he is not just a muscleman with an explosive hit-or-miss loop. He adapted his game intelligently. Against Huang, a thin, long-armed 23-year-old, Jonyer played less boldly than usual, particularly during the early stages of the match, until he had Huang's racket flips and skyscraper serves under reasonable control. Jonyer won 21–15, 20–22, 21–15.

Against Kuo, 21, a small, compact player, Jonyer also slowed the game down and appeared more willing than customary to get into top-spin exchanges. Because Kuo, too, has a powerful top spin, both players often positioned themselves about 10 feet behind the table, allowing the ball to fall to knee height before counterlooping it. Catapulting off the sponge rackets and traveling back and forth across a distance of about 30 feet, the action of the ball suggested that it might be attached to each player's racket by a long rubber band.

Even with Jonyer's two wins, and a third when teammate Gabor Gergely upset Kuo, Hungary never looked like a winner. Her third player, Tibor Klampar, lost all three of his matches, and with Jonyer's loss to China's No. 3 man, Li Chen-Shih, and Gergely's loss to Huang's magic, China won 5–3. For the morbidly curious, here is one match score: Huang beat Gergely 21–9 and, trailing 5–7 in the second game, he ran 16 straight points to win 21–7, an unbelievable performance at the world-class level.

While Kuo served penance on the bench for his losses to Hungary, China shut out the Swedish team of Bengtsson, Johansson and Ulf Thorsell the following day. This time Huang and Li Chen-Shih were joined by an old trouper, Liang Ke-Liang, a scampering little defender and a bat twirler, too; on occasion he can dart in from defense and stab a one-shot forehand through your ribs.

The setting for the China-Japan finals—the single brightly lighted table, the 8,000 spectators in the rectangle around it, the press photographers jostling for positions, the TV cameras—all this portended an exciting fight. But the once invincible Japanese, represented by Mitsuru Kohno, Masahiro Machara and Norio Takashima, were swamped by Huang, Liang and the now absolved Kuo. The finest display of table tennis—it could hardly be called a match—took place when Takashima met Kuo. Takashima, a gliding long-range defender whose tenacity turns points into matches, is seldom routed—he makes too few errors for that. But against the errorless cascade of forehands Kuo displayed—there were no tricks here, just pure attack—Takashima had no defense.

The Chinese women's team also repeated, slicing up the South Koreans in the final of the Corbillon Cup in six straight games.

Two performances, two cups, two Ho-Hums. After the cup matches a lot of grim-looking table tennis players shuffled silently around the hall. Most despondent were the men from Sweden, Hungary and Japan who had been forced to take walk-on parts and could only hope that things would get better in the singles if the Chinese displayed their previously noted disinterest. But even this could be humiliating if it became obvious that China was indeed spreading some gifts around in the interests of "friendship."

One team was smiling, however. By finishing second in the middle-echelon group, according to the world rankings, the U.S. men and women had advanced to the top group so that at the next world championship, in North Korea in 1979,

continued



Cup experts contended that Mitsuru Kohno of Japan was the designated winner of the men's singles

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our men and women will be eligible to play against China and the other stars.

The workhorse of the American men's team was Dan Seemiller, a 22-year-old left-hander from Pittsburgh, currently No. 1 in the U.S., who won all 26 of his matches. The women's team was led by In-Sook Bhushan, a former South Korean player.

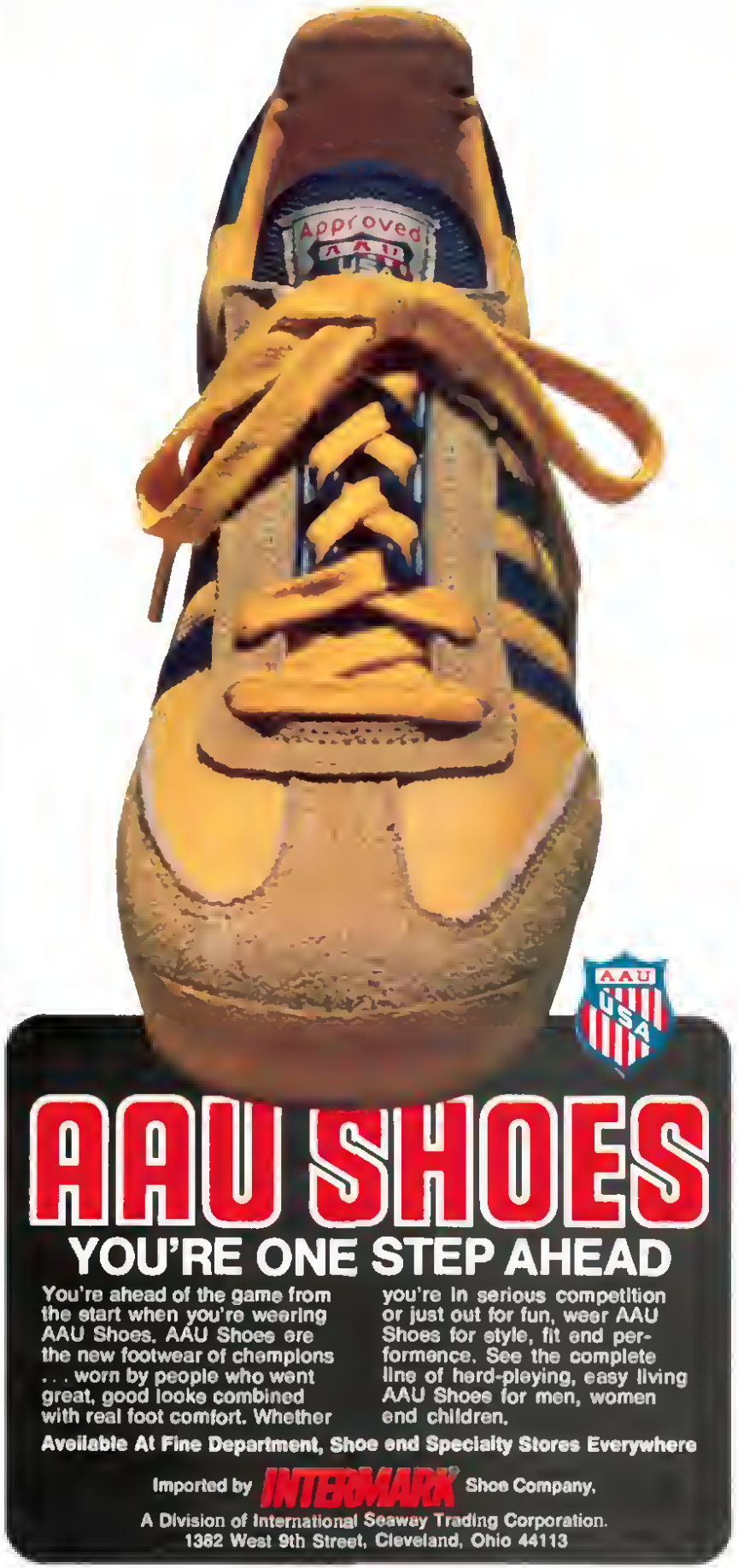
No one can say for sure whether Pak Yung Sun, the North Korean who repeated to take the women's singles, and Kohno of Japan, who won the men's singles, are the best players in the world or whether, in fact, they were even the best when they won. Certainly the record suggests that when the Chinese win the team events, they are content to let the individual titles go elsewhere. In 1973, when fluke upsets cost them both team cups, they won both singles; in '75 and again last week, after taking the team events, they won neither singles.

At Birmingham there was obviously a chance for a sweep. In both men's and women's singles, three of the semifinalists were Chinese. True, the fourth woman, Pak, was a threat. But in the men's event, Kohno, though he had edged Bengtsson in a five-game quarterfinal thriller, seemed alongside his semifinal companions, Liang Ke-Liang, Huang Liang and Kuo Yao-Hua, like the 20-to-1 underdog he was on opening day. But when Liang Ke-Liang—the same Liang who had trounced him in the Swaythling Cup—lost to him 3–1, most experts felt Kohno was the designated winner. And so he was, beating Kuo in a short but tedious final 3–1.

Nor did the women's final, a repeat of the Calcutta final in '75, offer more. Pak beat Chang Li 3–0. Afterward, Chang smiled, while Pak looked troubled.

Table tennis stars, particularly the Europeans, are beginning to squawk. The Chinese policy of "friendship first, competition second" has hurt their pride, mocked their skills and, they say, put the sport in jeopardy. Said a well-known Yugoslav, "When we beat the Chinese, as we sometimes do, our friends smile and say it was 'friendship first.' When we lose, they smile the same and say, 'But, of course, they are better.' These Chinese, they are wonderful players, but they are making a joke of the game."

No one would think it unfriendly if for a decade or two, the Chinese didn't lose a match. END





There is bad blood between preservationists like Brian Davies (above) and the Newfoundland fishermen who earn extra income from the slaughter of harp seals

A dirge for the harp

The eyes get to you first, huge sad eyes, set against a coat of pure white fluff. The harp seals of Newfoundland are only days old and appealing enough to be in an infant's crib. But weeks after visiting them you do not think of lullabies. You think of men with clubs, and of bloody carcasses, and of the frantic huffing sounds of mother seals, vainly searching for their young.

Those eyes gaze down from posters all over the world. They stare out from the pages of magazines. Talk show guests rage on about the slaughter. And all the furor was started by one man, a 42-year-old Canadian animal lover and publicist named Brian Davies. He told the world about the seal hunt, and two weeks ago, his blue eyes glinting, he sat in the gallery of the U.S. Senate, listening to a discussion of Resolution 142, "urging the Canadian Government to reassess its policy of permitting the killing of newborn harp seals." The resolution had breezed through the House, and now Davies saw it through the Senate, the first congressional resolution to protest a wildlife policy of a foreign government. Davies called it "the most significant thing ever in animal welfare." It was his work that made it possible, and at week's end only one thought could make him stop smiling: Would he and his wife, his son and daughter, the family's four cats, four dogs and three horses be able to continue living in Canada?

For nine years, as director of the 200,000-member International Fund for Animal Welfare, Brian Davies has endeavored to save the baby harp seals of Newfoundland, to stop the annual spring hunt. He is also responsible for the ban on exporting the river otters of Thailand, which were being killed for their pelts or sold to pet stores, he is campaigning to preserve the world's dwindling population of Mediterranean monk seals; he successfully lobbied for a manatee sanctuary in Florida; and in the past five years he has airlifted 58 "problem" polar bears from a Manitoba town, where they were being shot during their migration.

But the harp seal pup is his principal project. It has resulted in more controversy and donations for the IFAW than all the other campaigns put together, and it has made Brian Davies a prophet without honor in his own country. To the fishermen of Newfoundland, where sealing is a rite of almost religious import, as well as a commercial boon, Davies is an opportunist or "a con man," as one government official puts it. Charles Friend, a publicity man for Canada's fisheries department, says, "The seal hunt gives the IFAW people a million-dollar income, and Davies is the last guy who wants to see it end."

During last month's hunt, Roy Pilgrim, the leader of the Newfoundland Concerned Citizens Committee, said, "If the baby harp seal had the face of a pig there would be no problem." That is a familiar argument, and an interesting one, but Davies responded, "The beauty of the harp seals is the only hope they have. It is why they are killed, and if we cannot save them because of it, we cannot save any animals, ever."

There are answers to every criticism of Brian Davies and his campaign, and answers to the answers. The manatee, for example, does have the face of a pig but it has little commercial value. When Pilgrim and his associates said that killing baby seals was their right, Davies replied, "Your right? To club infant seals to death? To drive the mothers away while they're nursing?"

Other observers, pro and con, were more dispassionate. George Reiger, a writer for *Audubon* magazine, said, "People don't like to think of an animal that looks like a baby and cries like a baby being clobbered. Of course they don't worry about their lamb chops." Said Dr. Victor Scheffer, an eminent

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West Coast mammalogist, "I think that wildlife management people should consider the public's feelings, as well as questions of science. Even with a safe quota, if there is strong sentiment against the hunt, I say, 'Don't do it.' "

Even the issue of the possible extirpation of the harp seal because of the annual slaughter is clouded. Scientists from the Canadian Government say the hunt poses no danger, that the harp seal is not on the brink of extinction. Edward Roberts, leader of the opposition government of Newfoundland and Labrador, claims that the harp seal "is the most scientifically protected animal species in the world. If the herd were not kept in check it would devour millions of pounds of fish, which is the economic base to a large portion of the population of Newfoundland and Labrador." Brian Davies and his followers contend the seal could be gone tomorrow. David M. Lavigne, Ph.D., a zoologist at Ontario's University of Guelph, wrote last year in the *National Geographic*, "Even under present hunting quotas the harp seal may be reduced to precarious levels before the end of this century." But Dr. Keith Ronald, dean of Guelph's College of Biological Science, is awaiting the results of a new study. "I believe Lavigne's natural mortality figures were too high," he says.

In the absence of facts, the issue is clearly one of conflicting values, epitomized by the products of the hunt—mere trimmings for slippers, wallets and keyrings and, ironically, tiny white toy seals.

As this year's hunt approached, Davies rented a motel in northern Newfoundland at Pistolet Bay, due west of the ocean ice floes where the harp seals would be born. He invited more than 50 journalists from Canada, the U.S. and Europe, offering them helicopter service to the floes. When he arrived at Pistolet Bay he was greeted by a surly crowd of more than 300 locals, which was barely kept at bay by a handful of Royal Canadian Mounted Police. The crowd roped off the helicopters and began yelling things like, "We'll kill Brian Davies for calling us murderers." Davies, ever the showman, told one interviewer, "This is as bad as the early days of the Nazi takeover." He wired Prime Minister Trudeau, Prince Philip of England and the American embassy in Ottawa, and on the morning the hunt was to start 100 mounties arrived by bus.

The journalists were taken to the floating ice, 75 miles at sea, and then ferried in shifts to the scene of the hunt by Davies, in the IFAW's Jet Ranger helicopter, *Blue Goose*. They saw the baby harp seals killed, filed their stories—and the world responded. In less than five weeks, 32,000 letters of protest were received at the Canadian embassy in Washington alone.

To the crowd of poor fishermen at Pistolet Bay, the six helicopters and the foreign journalists represented an outside world of glamour and money. Davies, the Newfies thought, was a man having a good time, a "playboy of the Western ice." This made them resent him even more. The presence all week of actress Yvette Mimieux, an IFAW member, intensified that feeling. And the arrival of Brigitte Bardot all but set them boiling. Had they known that Davies was making an annual salary of $36,000, at the same time that he was trying to cut their annual average of $3,500, they might have strung him up. But then Davies does not talk about such things, though he makes no apologies when the facts are learned. "Where is there a law," he asks, "that animal welfare people must be poorly paid?"

The rental of the helicopters did cost the IFAW $40,000, but as Davies told an interviewer, "We decided on the most effective way to do the job, and then we raised the money we needed."

All week the battle raged, the natives vs. Davies. "Sealing is a 400-year-old tradition in Newfoundland," one said.

"Slavery was a tradition, too," Davies responded.

"Life is hard up here; the $500 to $2,300 per man for a four-week hunt is a good part of our annual income." Davies reminded them that the IFAW had offered to compensate the 200 commercial fishermen if the hunt was discontinued. But it was obvious no amount of money could buy off their pride, that is another thing that kills baby seals in Newfoundland.

When the hunters backed Davies to the wall, his real purpose was apparent. "If there were no danger of extinction," they asked, "and if our methods were completely humane, would you agree to a controlled hunt?"

No. I just want to stop it, for no other reason than that the seals are a part of creation.

"And don't forget, I didn't find the seals," he kept reminding a representative of the Canadian Board of Fisheries. "I was asked 12 years ago by a government agency to look at the hunt, and to see how it could be made more humane."

That was in 1965, when Davies was working for the New Brunswick SPCA. A French-Canadian company had made a film of the seal hunt in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and it showed baby harp seals being clubbed to death. Davies was asked to visit the scene of the hunt and make recommendations. He reported that it should be ended, and his advice was rejected, but now he had a cause. In 1969 he formed the IFAW, becoming its executive director. A year later he published a book on the seal hunt, *Savage Luxury*. National magazines and network television ran stories, and in 1972 the U.S. banned the importation of products made from baby harp seal fur. Soon afterward, the Canadian Government prohibited the commercial hunting run from large ships in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, which accounted for two-thirds of the kill in that area.

Now Brian Davies' goal is to halt the commercial hunt off Newfoundland's Atlantic shore. It remains to be seen what effect U.S. congressional Resolution 142 will have, but even before it passed, Davies was saying that next year's hunt has a 50–50 chance of being canceled. "They'll need half the mounties in Newfoundland to protect us," he said. "It will cost 10 times what the hunt is worth."

If the hunt does end, Brian Davies will surely find another group of beleaguered animals to save. Marine mammals are his first love. Off the Pacific Coast porpoises continue to be killed in tuna nets, despite controls and regulations, and Davies is brooding over that. If oil spills continue to despoil our coasts, he will find contaminated seals and whales to be concerned about. In December, when the *Argo Merchant* fetched up off Nantucket he hopped in the *Blue Goose* and was the first one on the scene after the Coast Guard. For five days he shuttled reporters and photographers to the wreck.

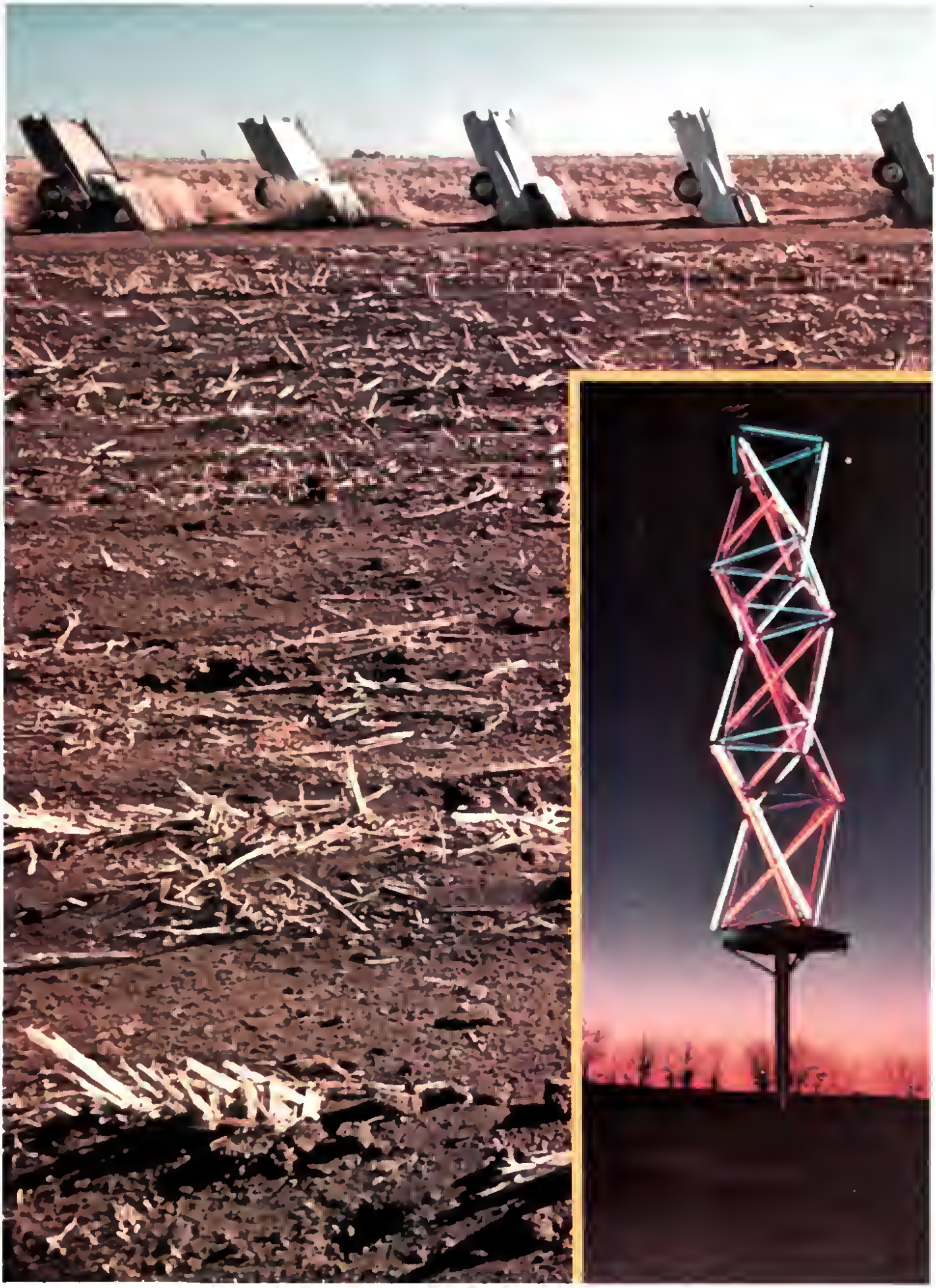
In Greenland old sled dogs are reputed to be hanged when their working days are over. Davies has launched a campaign to find out how widespread the practice is or if, indeed, it exists. In Davies' Oromocto, New Brunswick home, where a Labrador retriever and two German shepherds bounce from chair to chair like footballs, there is always room for more dogs. **END**

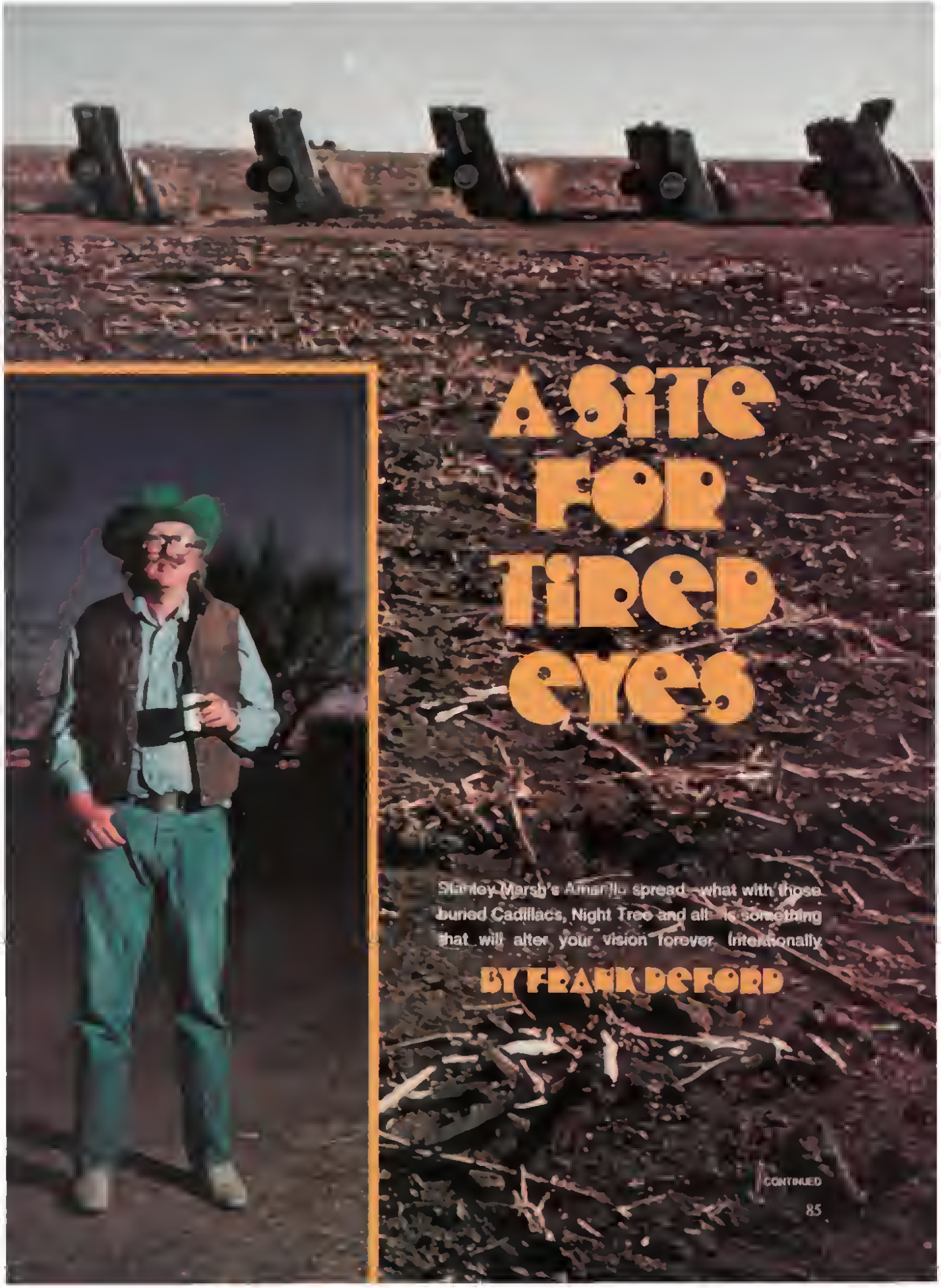
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In a world of many diverse opinions, there's consensus on the taste of our scotch:



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A SITE FOR TIRED EYES

Stanley Marsh's Amarillo spread—what with those buried Cadillacs, Night Tree and all—is something that will alter your vision forever. Intentionally.

BY FRANK DEFORD

CONTINUED

MARSH

continued

One of the latest things that Stanley Marsh 3 has gotten himself into is professional wrestling. He refereed the Dory Funk Jr. vs. Dennis Stamp match last Oct. 31 at the Bull Barn in Hereford, Texas. Perhaps because he is an esthetic type, Marsh keeps calling it "judging," not refereeing, and for the occasion he wore red tie and tails and sneakers. The promotional flyers fairly shouted: HALLOWEEN SPECTACULAR SPECIAL REFEREE—STANLEY MARSH 3. Stanley Marsh 3 is chairman of Marsh Media, and one of the largest landowners in the Panhandle. He was donating his services as part of a drive to keep the children off the streets during the holiday.

Before the match, Dory Funk Jr., former world champion, showed Marsh such tricks of the trade as how to count very deliberately when a guy is getting pinned. Count too fast, the match is over too soon. There is a certain rhythm to it, but Marsh is attuned to oscillations—"I'm best at holidays," he says, sipping coffee, "and I've always been a Halloween man especially"—and he rises to most any occasion. In Philadelphia one Halloween, when he was attending the University of Pennsylvania learning how to be a vacuous businessman in the natural-gas game, he and a girl friend dressed up like gypsies, hired a horse-drawn wagon and sold pumpkins, which cost them 25¢ wholesale, for $5 apiece around Rittenhouse Square. It will come as no surprise, then, that Marsh did an outstanding job of wrestling judging in Hereford—this according to no less an authority than Dory Funk Jr., who emerged victorious in the contest.



You've never seen a winged pig? Just hold on. Marsh will sedate it with wine. Mateus as a rule, so he can give it a rubdown to make those tattoos really show up

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LANE STEWART

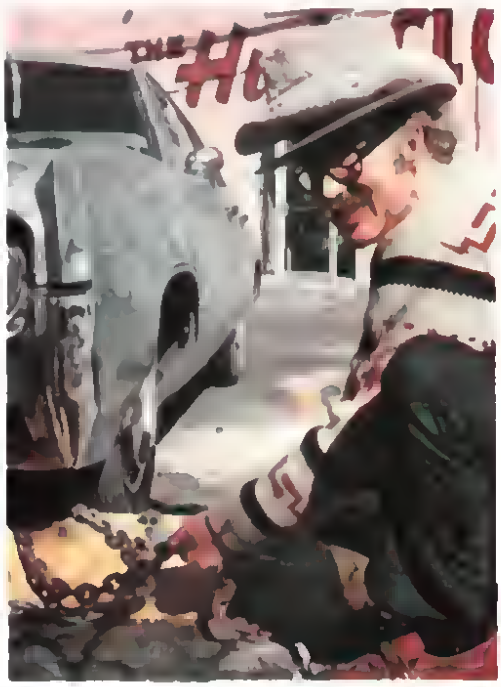




"The scruffiest herd in the world" naturally includes a yak. Marsh named his truck Truck so you can distinguish it from a big carrot, and when a developer bought land next door, Stanley gave ample warning of potential Marshian hazards

The next stop for the Marsh wrestling cartel is Albuquerque. The big time. While it is certainly not incorrect to say that Marsh is pleased to devote his energies to diverting the mischievous youngsters of Hereford on Halloween, he is not altogether altruistic. The Hereford gig was a warmup for Albuquerque. A stepping stone. "They hate me in Albuquerque," Marsh says with glee, now drinking a Tab. "Despise me. I can hardly wait to get over there and judge. They'll scream at me and shout. We'll draw a great crowd. I love it."

The reason the citizens of Greater Albuquerque so abominate Marsh is because he owns the contract to tear down their beloved Civic Auditorium. That is where they hold wrestling judgments and rock shows. The contract was duly granted by the city, and Marsh didn't mean to get involved in the first place—but he is forever getting carried away and into things. For example he owns television stations, four of them, in the Panhandle and in Texas at large; he owns the biggest bookstore in Amarillo, at which he acquaints himself with the literate public—"Romantic novels today are read mostly by plain women who want to be seduced by their tennis pros"; he still keeps his hand in natural gas and helium; and then there is also some ranching



One thing you don't do is usurp Marsh 3's parking spot in Amarillo. He gets almost ornery if that happens, but he'll send you a key to the padlock if you give him a call

and some banks, and something or other to do with microwaves and warehouses.

Obviously, then, Marsh didn't need the Albuquerque Civic Auditorium caper. But a very slick fellow came along and caught him off guard. At about the same time Marsh went on President Nixon's enemies list, so maybe he was temporarily discombobulated. The reason Marsh was so honored was he was thinking about opening a Museum of Decadent Art, and he wrote Pat Nixon about the project, saying that he wanted samples of her wardrobe to fill up the entire first floor.

Well, as you can see, Marsh had a lot of things on his mind. And to get right to the point here, the sharp cookie who wanted Marsh to come in on the Civic Auditorium deal used, as collateral, a volcano he owned, but not lock, stock and lava. He had already mortgaged the volcano to another party. So, to Marsh's chagrin, he not only ended up in second position for a volcano, but also was himself faced with tearing down the Civic Auditorium. It gets more complicated, but don't worry: with or without volcano, they will hate Marsh in Albuquerque whenever he finds the time to judge some wrestling there.

Also, if he can work it into his schedule, Marsh is going to try to breed an animal, a whole new species, that would be three-quarters striped donkey. This enterprise involves several steps but the main ingredients are his zebra, whose name is Spot, and any albino donkey he can turn up. (Once Marsh dyed his Clydesdale blond and painted its hooves pink, but that is another story altogether and has nothing to do with albino donkeys.) Marsh is also out of lion and tiger cubs now. Lots of times circus people drop them off at Marsh's ranch for R and R. He is out of camels now, too. He has a thing about camels. Two-hump camels. But not everything is slow. True, the new de-smelled skunk bit two visitors to the ranch recently, but the pet yak didn't bite anybody, and the pet llama likewise passed an uneventful time. They hang around a lot with the modest beginnings of what Marsh calls "the scruffiest herd in the world." He would like to purchase scruffy cows and steers. He also has regular steers and an old-fashioned longhorn. And there are peacocks, guinea hens, donkeys—regular ones—some South American ostriches called rheas, buffalo, assorted cats and dogs, miscellaneous homo sapiens collectively referred to as "cowboys and hippies," five young children and a wife named Wendy who rides herd over all this madness with a bemused tolerance seldom found in this world.

The name of the Marsh ranch house is Toad Hall, and it lies hard by the Amarillo city limits. Its major landmark is visible from some distance. It is known as Night Tree, a soaring neon tower that lights up this color and that, depending on the wind currents. Night Tree is particularly admired by the adolescent swains of the Panhandle, who park nearby

continued





"What is Art?" you ask. Well, Marsh has the answer drooping on a fence. (The zebra wandered in from a biogenetic experiment.) If you don't buy that, how about some nine-ball after the World's Largest Phantom Soft Pool Table gets groomed

so that they may examine it better: "Hey, wanna see Night Tree?" Round the other way, out front of the ranch, pointing toward where the alleged new housing development is supposed to go, is this large sign: FUTURE HOME OF THE WORLD'S LARGEST POISONOUS SNAKE FARM.

Marsh pours brandy into a paper cup He is in the back seat of his truck, on the way to visit his world-famous Cadillac Ranch and then his World's Largest Phantom Soft Pool Table, which he humbly describes as "my gift to mankind." As he says, "I fulfill whims. Most people have whims and dreams, and I'm just lucky enough to be able to carry out my whims. But, you know, the quantity of your fun does not have to depend on your means. If more people were like me, it would be a more interesting world."

Stanley Marsh 3 is the self-proclaimed United States Professional Fun Champion. He could be classified as the top sportsman in America except that sportsman has generally come to refer to people who kill animals. Marsh is a Texan who wants guns outlawed and animals bred. He genuinely concerns himself with his yak's love life. Marsh does just about everything inside-out. He is a progressive thinker who just happens to live in old-fashioned baronial style.

It was F. Scott Fitzgerald who pointed out that the rich are different from you and me, and presumably once they were. They flaunted great yachts and mansions, squired curvaceous show girls, busted unions, ate and drank obscene portions, splurged with the gaudiest parties, squandered, dissipated and shot one another over Evelyn Nesbit. They had a whale of a time.

But the rich have let us down. A few have developed consciences and almost every one of them is as spectacularly tedious as the members of the middle class. All that the rich want to do now is purchase TV time for their Senate campaigns, ski, depreciate whatever it is that they own and purchase major league franchises. Can you imagine Mrs. Astor dealing for a piece of the San Antonio Spurs? Jay Gould negotiating with some .265 utility infielder? Now it is not the rich, but the *nouveax athlètes* who buy $10,000 fur coats and blow walking-around bankrolls on busty starlets looking to get "linked" in the gossip columns. Diamond Jim Brady must be spinning in his grave at this pretty pass.

Henry Fairlie of the London *Sunday Times*, one of the more astute observers of America, has written: "The Cezannes and Matisses hang on their walls like certificates of stocks and bonds. For the most part, the very rich in the United States use their fortunes only in order to maintain and increase their fortunes . . they may even be said to have forfeited one of the few justifications of great wealth, that it is able and willing to waste money. The very rich in America are little more than their own safety-deposit boxes."

Stanley Marsh 3 (né III, by the way) is obviously the exception to this rule. To the manor born, and thus overqualified for the Great American Dream, he has had to find contentment in pursuing his own dreams. It bugs him all the more, then, that so many people require him to explain why he does the bizarre things he does. Television has made us all so much more literal. Imagination is not permitted any longer in America. If it cannot be televised it does not exist Sport is something that must be reduced to standings; art is only that which is so designated in a gallery catalogue. Nothing counts unless a tax ruling has been made on it. In his world of whimsy, Marsh is an alien in our prevailing culture. "I'm a hobbyist," he says, whining in his high, twangy voice that doesn't seem to fit that tall, shambling figure. "Some people play tennis or golf. I do all these crazy things. It's unfortunate, but in America today, playing generally is defined as being competitive. This concept is spoiling our leisure. For relaxation, I don't want to be competitive. I'm a very competitive capitalist, and I don't want to compete in my off-hours. I want to go fishing with the kids. I love riding horses; I don't want to race them. I love hiking. There's so much beeyooteeful [his favorite word, said just so] to see. I just don't think that leisure has to be put on a scoreboard."

An extension of this line of reasoning explains why there are three large letters—a yellow A, a red R and a blue T propped against a fence in the barnyard. Marsh gave them to Wendy for her birthday one year. The reason he did this was so that when pretentious people stroke their chins and ask him, "Stanley, what is art?" he can reply, "Art is three letters in primary colors, which I gave my wife for her birthday one year, standing up against a fence in the Texas Panhandle." Next question. Which usually is: "Stanley, what does the Cadillac Ranch mean?" It's not a bad question; why *did* Stanley Marsh 3 bury 10 tail-fin Cadillacs in cement at the same angle as the sides of the Great Pyramid of Egypt out there in a Texas field running alongside Route 66? Wouldn't it be more sensible for him to buy a Wyeth for the den or put some venture capital into the World Hockey Association?

What irritates people is that Marsh can't be defined any easier than the didoes he engages in. If he were just a spoiled dilettante, it would be all right, but unfortunately, from his 30th-floor aerie atop the tallest building in the Panhandle (a fine place from which to chuck water bombs on slow days), Marsh runs his sundry enterprises very well indeed. His Amarillo TV station, last in the market when he bought it, now has the highest ratings of any station in any three-network market in the nation.

"It's strictly a business with me," he declares between swallows of Sprite, making it crystal clear that nothing, but nothing, counts in television except ratings. This hardly reflects favorably upon Marsh—TV brings out the worst in all of us, no doubt—but at least it shows that he can play away games and still cover the spread. If you own TV stations, you do not have to prop up seven letters against a fence to define culture. Culture is what you replace with old John Wayne movies. If you are going for the highest ratings in the land, not even baseball qualifies as the lowest common denominator. Marsh bumped that last summer for ancient *Gunsmoke* reruns.

And yet Marsh is not transformed into some hard-driving Jacqueline Susann tycoon the instant he shuffles into his office. On the contrary. "I really don't work all that many hours any week," he says, opening a can of Tab. "I'm here. This is a pressure cooker. But if there's nothing that directly involves me, I don't work. I'm an entrepreneur, not a manager. If there's no crisis, that's when I sit around and think up all this crazy stuff."

To encourage inspirations, Marsh wel-

continued


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There's whisky. And then there's V.O.
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4 mg. "tar", 0.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method

comes all manner of humanity to his 30th-floor hideaway. Sometimes people get invited for lunch, and then Marsh gets involved in something else, and they end up eating with a bunch of strangers, all rather unsure of why they are there and who, exactly, the others are. Marsh calls his lunches "picnics," and the food comes catered, on carts, from the fancy Amarillo Club next door. His office is otherwise self-sufficient because right on the premises is plenty of coffee—and plenty of soft drinks.

Cases of Tab, a dozen or more, are piled up about the place. For that welcome change of pace, several hundred cans of Sprite are also stored there. Marsh's little refrigerator is jammed full of Tab and Sprite. His desk is located about midway between the refrigerator and the bathroom. One more thing about the very rich: they go to the bathroom more than you and I. At least Stanley Marsh 3 does. This is because he consumes liquid all day long. The 10 or 15 cans of Tab a day is a start. Then the odd Sprite, much hot java, and in the meantime, inbetweentime, numerous glasses of ice water. When evening shadows fall he turns to beer and wine. And sometimes brandy when driving about the ranch in the truck, which has TRUCK written on it in big neat white letters (as, of course, the wagon has WAGON on it) "so that you can tell it apart from a large carrot."

Beer does figure prominently in some of 3's more involved high jinks. For example, it was after considerable amounts of same that he and some friends rented Indian costumes and went to visit John Ehrlichman when he was residing in Santa Fe, concerned with the red man. And when John Connally's trial opened in our nation's capital, Marsh thought it his responsibility to give the proceedings a proper Texas accent. He and several of his cronies dressed up in the most outrageous Western clothes, chaps and boots and bandanas and all, and hied to Washington. To further ensure authenticity, they carried with them a case of Lone Star Beer and a full bucket of genuine Texas cow manure, into which they dutifully dipped their hand-tooled boots before going to the courtroom.

Moving right along. Do you want to hear more about the office or about

continued

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December 5, 1933 was a noteworthy day for Scotch drinkers. For it was the first time in 13 years that drinking it was legal. Prohibition was repealed.

Perhaps even more noteworthy: it was the day Cutty Sark landed in America. A Scots Whisky already legendary in other civilised parts of the world.

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Toad Hall? Well, in both places the walls are covered with original bumper stickers (e.g. AMARILLO LOVE IT OR LEAVE IT) and with all manner of items that can be affixed with pushpins. There are literally thousands of photographs, there is hate mail, strange mail, clippings and other oddities pinioned to the walls. The walls groan with pushpins. In his office the skin of a giant anaconda is pushpinned to the wall, underneath the photograph of Mrs. Onassis skinny-dipping, which appeared in *Hustler*. Television sets abound. There are at least a score in Toad Hall. A huge Barnum & Bailey poster dominates the office reception area. There is an arcane device for solar insulation known as a "bead wall" by Marsh's desk. There is an indoor-type Night Tree. There is Marsh himself, pulling on yet another Tab. This day, all day, he has on a green tam-o'-shanter with a red pompon, a brown polka-dotted shirt, a yellow beaded belt with his initials and patchwork-quiltlike pants. Sometimes for dress-up he wears a black-and-white checked suit of the same material in which his office desk chair is upholstered, so that when he sits in the chair, it appears that it has grown a head. A massive papier-mâché elephant head is also in the office, as well as a cardboard replica of the Cadillac Ranch, the tail fins all rising majestically at the angle of the Great Pyramid from the good earth.

The office can do strange things to people caught unawares. One night, by oversight, the doors were left open. A female intruder came in, but she took nothing. It can be determined, however, that the intruder was female because, evidently unhinged by the surroundings, she removed her top, went over to the Xerox machine, took a picture of her breasts, left it behind as a calling card and departed, disturbing nothing else in this unreal sanctuary.

Today, for midday picnic, Marsh has assembled a crowd consisting of Scotty, a rotund art dealer from New York; Hugh, a bearded partner in various ventures; Tom, Marsh's normal brother; and Marsh's wrestling associates: the aforementioned Dory Funk Jr., who is late because he went back to put a tie on, and Herman and The Ripper. Nobody has anything in common. Tom chats with Herman. Tom has sandy hair and wears various shades of tweed; Herman has a shaved head and wears an electric-blue suit with white socks. Tab flows like wine. Marsh crosses often to the bathroom. The Albuquerque campaign is outlined. Everybody has a real good time. "One of the fun things about living in a town of Amarillo's size is this great cross section," Marsh says. "Here, you have to learn how to make your own fun. People in larger cities—which is most of the people now—must have their fun catered. If you pick up the morning paper here and see on the front page a story about a new catfish farm, well, you can call up and see if you can't drop around for a look. And you get your family and go on over. Most of the people on the front page of *The New York Times* are just not open to drop-ins."

No doubt our modern urban-sprawl society encourages self-consciousness as much as anonymity. Each place soon enough appears like every other, a collage of franchise food establishments, shopping malls and green overhead EXIT signs. Only if you are deeply rooted in a place are you likely to possess the confidence to be an individual. So few of us, tourists in our own land, feel like we are at home anymore, at one with a town. Stanley Marsh 3 is. So, for that matter, is Dory Funk Jr. His father was a world wrestling champion before him—Amarillo's own. Junior's brother, Terry Funk, is world champion now. So, much as they are different, it is easy to discern great similarities between Marsh and Junior, both of whom are proud to call Amarillo home.

It is sad how cities really shy away from the unique. Take Amarillo. You would think it would tout the Cadillac Ranch and put up a sign, HOME OF THE FUNKS, WORLD'S WRESTLING CHAMPEENS. This is quite a thing, three world champions in the same family, even in a sport where most of the participants are so designated. But there is no sign at all and, instead, Amarillo is all put out over maybe losing its ordinary college football team. A lot of cities have college football teams, so Amarillo is bound and determined to keep its team, despite the fact that logic and attendance figures alike dictate otherwise.

Amarillo's college football team is West Texas State, the prime Panhandle university, just down the road in Canyon. West Texas once produced colorful teams, featuring such heroes as Mercury Morris and Duane Thomas. But along with these imports, West Texas had a squat, fat, controversial coach. So, they got rid of him, brought in coachy-type coaches discoursing on "the program," and the football team hasn't amounted to a hill of beans in years.

In a state chock full of big-time college football teams, West Texas has little chance to make it and no good reason to. But this is un-American! Un-Texan! What, no football team? They hustled up a telethon. Bona fide celebrities, such as Chill Wills, were flown into Amarillo, and the local businessmen and other devoted of the body politic pledged vast sums for the continuing glory of the West Texas State Buffaloes. Marsh would not permit the telethon on his channel, he thought the proposition ridiculous.

Now, when you come into Amarillo, on the Interstate, which replaced fabled Route 66, there is no tribute to the Funks. There is a bank sign, providing the time and the weather, alternating these hard facts with suggested approved pastimes that you drive carefully, purchase Girl Scout cookies, attend the church "of your choice" and so on. (Why in America, when touting spiritual involvement, do we always specify "of your choice"? Do we fear that otherwise people might believe we are dictating that parishioners attend strange devotions against their will?) Across from the bank's sign is a billboard advertising Cadillac Coupe de Villes for $8,990, and nearby is the locally esteemed Helium Monument. This is the major official tourist attraction of your choice in the greater Amarillo area, commemorating, as it does, the 100th anniversary of the discovery of helium as an element of the sun. The monument is every bit as scintillating as the fact that occasioned it.

Also featured in the Amarillo tourist literature is the Panhandle Plains Museum and a flint quarry northeast of town. There is no mention anywhere in the brochures of the Cadillac Ranch. Thus, if you keep rolling on the new Interstate with the green signs, the old Route 66, suddenly the Cadillac Ranch is there—

continued

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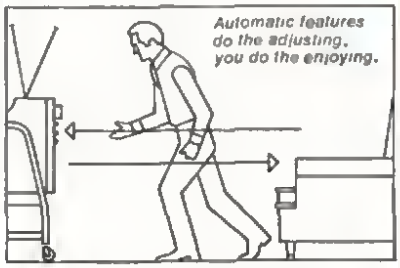
Over three years ago, RCA set about designing a new generation in color television.

The result was ColorTrak, a remarkable television system that actually grabs the color signal, aligns it, defines it, sharpens it, tones it, and locks the color on track.

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Automatic Color Control works to keep colors consistent.

Color variations can occur when the program changes, when a commercial comes on, and when you switch channels.



But ColorTrak's Automatic Color Control constantly monitors the color and actually adjusts it for you when changes occur. So you get a consistent, quality picture.

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ColorTrak's picture automatically brightens in a well-lit room, darkens in dim light; so you always get a rich, detailed picture.

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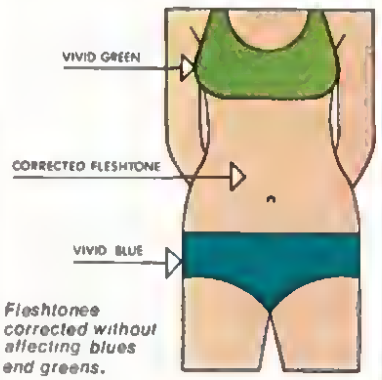
ColorTrak takes our light-absorbing black-matrix picture tube a step further by using specially tinted phosphors on the tube surface. The tinted phosphors absorb even more room light, so you get colors that appear more vivid and lifelike.

A Dynamic Fleshtone Correction System produces rich, natural fleshtones right next to brilliant greens and blues.

Correcting varying fleshtones without affecting other colors has been a problem in color television technology. ColorTrak's Dynamic Fleshtone Correction System handles this problem, bringing varying fleshtones into the natural range while minimizing the effect on other colors. So you see natural fleshtones and natural background colors.



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The highest quality, most reliable set RCA has ever produced.

The ColorTrak system is a finely balanced system of features that work together to give you the kind of picture performance you'd expect from the people who pioneered color TV.

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RCA is making television better and better.

Brigadoon. It is there, but it does not really exist. It is nowhere designated as a landmark. It is not official, merely unique. Our cities are just like our rich, Philistines all. The bland attractions that municipalities prize are safe and sane things like inscribed monuments and football teams, the equivalent of stock-certificate Matisses on the wall. The Funks and the Cadillac Ranch, truly original and dear things, get short shrift.

This civic neglect does not upset Marsh. On the contrary, he prefers it this way. "The best things should be hidden and unexpected," he says, downing another glass of ice water. "Nothing ever lives up to what we can dream about. I don't ever want to see the Taj Mahal because I know I'll be disappointed. I saw the Mona Lisa, and that was a real letdown."

So too, truth to tell, is the World's Largest Phantom Soft Pool Table something of a disappointment. The balls, placed on a 180'-by-100' rectangle of dyed green grass, are 42 inches in diameter and the cue is 100 feet long, and it all is surrounded by barbed wire to keep the cows away. This is fascinating, and of course it is most unusual, but the reality can never exceed the anticipation. Marsh is quite right. It is good that his pool table is shifted now and then, the better to be encountered totally unawares. *Gunsmoke* reruns may be a gift to mankind, but not the World's Largest Phantom Soft Pool Table. Quite properly, it is a reward only for those few individuals who get off the beaten track.

Unlike most denizens of the Western world, Marsh does not care to drive automobiles. He daydreams, and so other drivers honk at him. As a consequence, as much as possible, he gets people to chauffeur him around. His Marxist assistant, John Rhinehart, takes him to work mornings so that they might discuss capitalistic transactions en route and get a jump.

Given this disposition, Marsh has a more detached attitude toward cars than the bulk of his countrymen. Basically, as far as he is concerned, people can think whatever they please about the Cadillac Ranch. Some, of course, take umbrage at it. In a nation nurtured on cars, the Cadillac Ranch may be the only automobile monument, and it does not seem proper to many that such an iconoclast as Stanley Marsh 3 should be responsible for this altar to our chariots. "Gee," he says, "I just hope people are pleased with it."

Once, Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, the publishers, decided to feature the Cadillac Ranch in a film they were making for seventh graders. Marsh agreed to pose at the Cadillac Ranch, jumping up and down and generally carrying on foolishly, as he will very agreeably do if that is what you have in mind for him. When the film for seventh graders came out, there was a stentorian voice-over (the impression was it was Marsh's), going on about how cars polluted and encouraged asphalt instead of woodlands, how people had accidents in cars and littered and God knows what all. "It was a lot of tedious crap," Marsh says, swilling more Sprite, "and certainly none of this had ever occurred to me as a reason for the Cadillac Ranch, but I suppose Harcourt Brace figures it knows what is better for seventh graders than I do, so if they want to bore kids that way with the Cadillac Ranch, it's fine with me."

The actual idea for the Cadillac Ranch, a tribute, really, to all the "carAmericans" in this country, originated with some friends of Marsh's known collectively as the Ant Farm. It is difficult to get a fix on the Ant Farm even if you have the time to sip various beverages and listen to curious tales that spin off in all directions. Suffice it to say that the Ant Farm is a rather quirky revolutionary design group, congenial with Marsh, whose members are at present in Australia, residing in a large plastic bubble underwater off the Great Barrier Reef. Their purpose is to get friendly with the neighborhood dolphins, and to facilitate this task, they told Marsh, they would dress up like dolphins.

The Ant Farm's original idea was that the Cadillacs should just be scattered about, coming out of the ground here and there, rather as if some Johnny Autoseed had sown them as he zoomed by. But Marsh vetoed that. "I didn't want them to be haphazard," he explains. No, he wanted Route 66 drivers to know for sure that the Cadillacs had been planted there by the members of some highly intelligent civilization. That is why the 10 Cadillacs were placed in their concrete sheaths at the exact angles of the Great Pyramid, and also in such a precise way that the taillights touch the horizon just as the unsuspecting driver crests the hill coming into Amarillo. Likewise, the number of cars—10—was not arbitrary, a convenient round number. Each of the 10 Cadillacs is different. They represent all the tail-fin models, from the original in 1946 until this design feature was happily phased out in 1964.

Marsh believes that the Cadillac is a prime American artifact. He keeps an old black limousine out by the stable. And the Cadillac Ranch means even more, for it represents an entire era, the '50s. The '50s were not just those 10 years whose third digit was a five; the '50s began the instant Clark Gable and Bobby Feller took off their uniforms, and they didn't conclude until the shots rang out from the Texas School Book Depository—almost exactly corresponding with the tail-fin times.

"The Cadillac symbolizes your fantasy," Marsh says. "Whatever your fantasy: sex, money, freedom. This was especially true in all those tail-fin years after the war. Cadillac: the word was a standard by itself then. My God!" Marsh sucked on some red hurgundy. "To have a Cadillac was to be living. It was the total dream, a genteel middle-class Hugh Hefner bed. The Cadillac Ranch is the celebration of the American dream."

Because the Cadillac Ranch is not designated official, there is no entrance fee or tourist center where commemorative knickknacks are sold. The cars just rest there in the field. Initials have been carved on the bodies, whole messages left ("George, Contact me when you reach N.Y. Love, Linda"), hubcaps stolen. The pastel shades have faded. Prairie grass has grown up between the cars, and in this unkempt state they appear even more a part of nature, or the ancient legacy of some Amarillo Aztecs, something from another eon. "Ah, it just shows that Americans don't know how to treat their real monuments," Marsh says, kicking a tire on a pinkish-purple job. "The main thing, though, is that the Ranch leaves you with an indelible impression. You're driving along, looking at the commonplace, expecting nothing unusual, and then all of a sudden: this. That's its main

continued

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value. Your reality is changed forever. Never again can you be so sure that you know what you're going to see. And so it releases you from the prosaic and the predictable. The Cadillac Ranch is for all the kids of all ages and for all their dreams. And for one reason or other, it has significance. It's Stonehenge for America. Oh, heck, I know it's not the equivalent of Stonehenge, but as roadshow pop art, as something spectacular that alters your vision forever, it collects the imagination as much as Stonehenge. I'm content with that, and it is certainly sufficient for me just to take comfort in knowing that it is unquestionably better than Mount Rushmore and will be remembered by mankind long after that is mercifully forgotten."

It was Sir Richard Steele who wryly noted, "Every rich man has usually some sly way of jesting, which would make no great figure were he not a rich man." Marsh attracts publicity because he does things to amuse himself but which happen to be of special interest. He is not like the manic buffoons who do things calculatedly, without heart, to get into the *Guinness Book of World Records* and thus attract publicity. *The Guinness Book of World Records* is a scourge upon us these days.

So, droves of interviewers—everyone from Charles Kuralt of CBS to *Forbes* magazine—descend upon Marsh, almost all sure that he is not for real. Alas, there is a tendency today to automatically assume that people who are different must be phony, when, in fact, the inverse is more likely to be true—that people posing at the safe norm are only acting the part. And, in a sense, Marsh even outperforms the disappointing Taj Mahal and the World's Largest Phantom Soft Pool Table because he lives up to expectations.

It does not appear that he will ever wind down. Some people are natural beauties. Some are natural athletes. Marsh is a natural funmaker. He just thinks that way. A group of Japanese came to visit Amarillo not long ago. Marsh hosted a party for them, and to reinforce the Asians' stereotypes, he invited no one but Texans 6'4" or taller. In Kentucky he once saw some big bent trees; he made giant harps out of them. People who park in Marsh's parking space often find their cars chained to a lamppost, with a note telling them where Marsh can be reached. If they get in touch with him, Marsh will mail them a key to the padlock. Sometimes on dull nights he will dress up like his hero, Mr. Toad. A piano is sunk halfway out in one of his lakes. Marsh writes letters on outsized stationery stamped TOP SACRED, and he plans to read the copies of this correspondence years from now, when he is old and infirm, to prove that it all happened.

"But I haven't got the time to be as crazy as I'd like," he says, returning to the red burgundy for a while. "That's why I've never been able to find a date when I can judge the wrestling in Albuquerque. And I never did a lot of the Bicentennial stuff I wanted to, except be Uncle Sam in the July 4 parade. What I wanted to do was cut out a huge hand shape on my ranch somewhere—500 acres or something—plant wheat in it and call it the Great American Farmhand. Then nearby I'd make another huge hand, put a herd in there and call it the Great American Cowhand."

The truck designated TRUCK bounced away from where the World's Largest Phantom Soft Pool Table was sequestered, waiting for some hobo or helicopter to chance upon it and have his vision of reality forever altered. The truck headed deeper into Marsh's property toward the Amarillo Ramp. Robert Smithson, a famous earth artist, designed it in 1973. Smithson only did a few things, and when he came to stay at Toad Hall as artist-in-residence, he decided to create something in the Panhandle.

Marsh pours brandy into a paper cup and dismounts from the truck designated TRUCK. The Amarillo Ramp is down below. It is like a ramp in a parking garage, only it is made of dirt, winding 400 feet. It curves out into the middle of a lake, rising slightly, and then just stops. The Amarillo Ramp is so far out in the middle of Marsh's property that it would take an extraordinary wanderer to stumble across it and have his vision of reality forever altered. But maybe 100 people a year, art fanciers from all over the world, make pilgrimages to Toad Hall to see the Amarillo Ramp.

"Smithson looked all over the property," Marsh says. "We drove for weeks. He picked this spot. I thought it was one of the most unattractive parts of our land, but he said he didn't want to compete with nature." Smithson designed the Amarillo Ramp, and then he went up in a light plane to check out the site from the air. The plane, for no known reason, suddenly plummeted to earth, killing all three people on board. It crashed only a few hundred yards from where the Amarillo Ramp was to be, burning the protein-rich Panhandle grass all around where it hit. Smithson's wife had the Amarillo Ramp finished to his specifications.

Stanley Marsh 3 stands at the end of the Amarillo Ramp and looks over to where Smithson crashed to his death. The more background knowledge the viewer has, the eerier the sensation: the artist's creative child borne by his wife after his death, his last vantage a view of his first draft. Marsh unzips his fly and answers another of his many calls to nature, right there on the crest of the Amarillo Ramp. Then he starts walking back to the truck designated TRUCK so he can pay a Sunday call on his yak and the scruffiest herd in the world.

"Another thing I wanted to do for the Bicentennial," he says. "Well, that wasn't our real Bicentennial. I can do these things by '89, which is the real Bicentennial. I want to make a rag-doll Statue of Liberty. Exact size of the real one: 151 feet high. Can you imagine that, driving down the road and all of a sudden you come upon a rag-doll Statue of Liberty, propped up against a hill? You'd never be sure again, would you? She wouldn't have to have long skirts, like she does in the statue. She could be casual. She could cross her legs if she felt like it. She could lounge. She could carry different things. She wouldn't have to hold the torch up all the time. We could give her some flowers to hold for a while. Children could climb up into her arms. I guess the superpatriots would get on me, but we would be giving the Statue of Liberty something new and rare: that warm feeling of a rag doll. That would just be so beeyooteeful for America."

Back at Toad Hall, his kids gave Stanley Marsh 3 his 39th birthday party, but truth to tell, it didn't seem different from any other day in his life. END

April Menswear Report: Focus on fabric.

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As I Did It

by BOB CAIRNS

A BOY HAD TO TAKE A LOT OF STATIC TO GET TO LISTEN TO BASEBALL ON RADIO

Two of my grandfather's great loves were radio and baseball. Those enthusiasms must be implanted in my family's genes, because although I've grown from a mere lad to an otherwise normal man in the 17 years since his death, I'm still as apt to spend a summer evening fidgeting with the radio dial as he was.

Among my earliest recollections of my boyhood in New Windsor, Md. are warm summer nights in the mid-1950s when it was my habit to scoot across the street for a visit to my maternal grandparents' house. There the conscience of the Washington Senators and radio's unbending advocate held forth nightly. Wearing his battered blue cap with the red W, Grandy would be perched in front of his floor-model Philco, hanging on Arch McDonald's every word. "Here she comes and there she goes!" said the thick accent, describing a foul strike. "Runnels is at the plate, and ducks're on the pond. A swinging strike three. Well, they cut down the old pine tree, and at the end of seven, it's Indians 6, Senators 0."

As the advertising jingle *Cheeri Beeri Boh* came on between innings, Grandy would invariably go into a commercial of his own. It is my suspicion that he was a bit uneasy about the creeping popularity of television, and he never missed an opportunity to put in a plug for a medium that could be trusted. Besides, the old rascal knew a captive audience when he saw one. He would boast about baseball's opening day on radio, and how he had been on the business end of an oatmeal-box crystal set that afternoon in 1921 when a fellow named Harold Arlin did that first broadcast, a game between the Phillies and the Pirates.

And it would not be long before he would lapse into long descriptive accounts of the past, which usually included a little play-by-play of his own. Then the fun really began. I'd be on the edge of my seat as he recounted tales of hearing immortals like Ruth and Cobb described by the likes of Ted Husing or Graham McNamee. Washington games were ideal for such storytelling, because the Senators provided many an uninteresting interlude. One reliever after another would parade in to get his ERA pinned back, and it was during those pitching changes that Grandy would speak up.

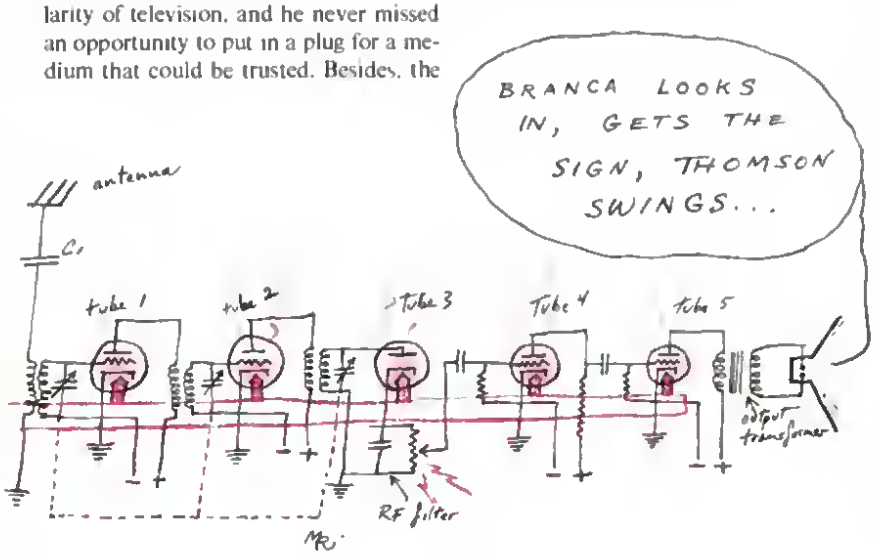
"Yowser, son," he would say, "they did all the away games from a Western Union ticker tape back then, and guys like McDonald here would fake the whole thing. He'd crack some blocks together for the bat sound and play a recording of crowd noise. Why, when you heard him describe it, you'd have thought Arch was actually there watching Mickey Vernon tear down the right-field wall." His favorite story, which he told almost weekly in his later years, was his eyewitness account of Russ Hodges calling the shot heard 'round the world: "Branca looks in, gets the sign, Thomson swings, fly ball left field, Pafko going back, back . . ." It usually ended with him standing up in his overstuffed chair, getting ready to scream, "The Giants win the pennant! The Giants win the pennant!" At that moment, my grandmother would arrive, not unlike a shot herself, to calm him down.

My visits with granddad seldom went the full nine, because my mother would call and I'd be sent home to the showers. On those occasions, I was not about to give up the ball game easily, although my mother seemed to be waging a one-woman war against the sport and would frisk my bed nightly in an attempt to find that "noise box." (It is my opinion that, if this love of baseball and radio is indeed hereditary, the gene must be recessive in females.) But when her search failed—as it often did—I'd quietly slide the RCA portable from its latest hiding place, pop on the earphones and check in with Ernie Harwell and the Orioles. After suffering through the early evening with the Senators, the wait for the motley Baltimore crew to get something going became doubly miserable. On those rare occasions when Gus Triandos got into one, I'd listen to Ernie's deft description of the shot to left and pray it fair with all my might. But almost invariably the Orioles' ineptness would wear my patience thin, and I would begin my nightly tour of the majors.

The buzzing and static that occasionally all but deafened me was an occupational hazard as my fingers worked the knobs with the precision of a safecracker. I had even scraped notches into the dial to serve as guides to the stations of the various clubs. And because the portable's antenna was highly directional, it took considerable savvy to angle the box properly to bring in the voices from different parts of the country.

"How about that, everybody," I would hear Mel Allen say on WINS in New York. "The Yanks have 'em loaded with Berra at the plate. One-and-one count on Yogi. Brewer gets set and comes in with the fast ball—and there it goes, deep, deep to right! It's—" *Sh-Boom, Sh-Boom, Ya da da da da da da da da da, Sh-Boom, Sh-Boom, Life could be a dream.* I'd dive on that undependable, cordless hunk of metal like a catcher on a bunt, frantically attempting to bring the game back. Fortunately, my educated ear could immediately discern the difference between the crowd noise of 30,000 New Yorkers coming down from a Ballantine Blast and that of fans who had just witnessed a loud foul. As soon as the roar

continued

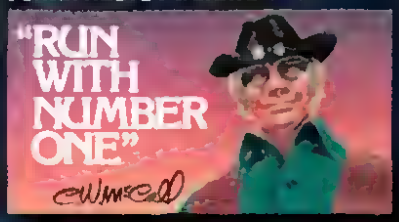


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subsided. Allen's play-by-play would resume. "Brewer again goes into the motion and comes in with the pitch. Ground ball, first-base side. Goodman makes the pickup and flips it to Zauchin, and that's all for Yogi and the Yanks in the home eighth."

As Allen began his pitch for White Owl, the night owl would look for a new perch. As the games rolled by, the earphones would begin to make me sweat, and combined with the cloud of guilt that hung over the should-be sleeper, they caused considerable discomfort as the evening wore on. Bypassing offers to buy rosebushes and the White Bible, the dial would land briefly on a new base. "Atlantic keeps your car on the go, and now here's By." "Right you are, Gene. We're rolling right along in the Phils' fifth, and it's Phillies 2, Giants 1, and Ashburn to lead it off. Morgan on deck and Hamner in the." Another fade, and my impatient fingers would twist the knob until Bob Elson, the voice of the White Sox, broke through like sun after a rain delay. "The classy little lefthander is working well tonight." I would hear him say. "Pierce looking in to Lollar for the sign. . . the curve ball is called strike one to Kuenn, and that one couldn't have been better if he'd hung it in there on a string. Uh-oh, Harvey doesn't like the call one little bit, and he's right in Napp's face. Larry's turning his back and isn't gonna give him the time of—" *Angel, Earth Angel, Will you be mine. My darling, dear, Love you all the time.*

My tuning hand would again reach for the knob and twist it through news, more music and unbelievable crackling and popping, until, eureka!, it hit the clearest reception of the night — KMOX and Harry Caray, 50,000 watts loud and clear. "No doubt about it, Jack, it's the king of beers! Holy cow, folks, we've had almost a two-hour wait, but we're gonna play ball in St. Louis tonight after all! The rain has completely subsided, and the faithful are moving back down into the boxes as they roll up the tarp. The Red Birds lead it 3–2, and we're in the Milwaukee second. Let me reset the lineups. For the Braves, leading off and playing center, Bruton. Hitting in the No. 2 spot and at shortstop, Logan." At last, seven static-free innings lay ahead, and I'd begin to nestle in for the festivities. "And batting ninth and pitching, Burdette." But inevitably the hum of the crowd noise would begin to have its som-

nolent effect. I'd be out, even before Musial came up for his second licks.

On many mornings following those late-night vigils, the neighborhood baseball game would be held up by the tardy arrival of its baggy-eyed broadcaster. But I never had to worry about a position, I was the announcer and catcher for both sides (ACBS, if you're scoring it). I often would still be adjusting my kickstand as I signed on: "Hi again, everybody, this is Ernie Harwell, and welcome to Oriole baseball!" It was, however, my habit, after sides had been chosen, to allow the participants to decide which major league teams were "playing" that day. They all had their favorites, and when the rhubarb broke up, I'd go into my chatter. When the Dodgers were "in town," I would go back a few seasons and put myself in the catbird seat, calling them in Red Barber's Southern drawl. "Yes, suh, folks, heah comes the Duke to the plate, and things look just right for Snider. He's got the wind blowin' across the ole pea patch toward right, and Hilda's ringin' her cowbell and gettin' those folks along third all worked up. You can hear 'em chantin' for the Duke to get ahold ah one."

If the Pirates came in for a three-game set, I would go into my Gunner Prince act: "We've got the Quail at first, the Chrome coming up and Captain Midnight on deck. All we need is a bloop and a blast, and we're right back in this one!" If the kid who was batting in Clemente's spot got into one, I would scream, "You can kiss it goodby! Oh, how sweet it is!" And when the last out was made, no one made a move for his bicycle until I went off the air: "Don't forget, fans, the Cubs will be in for a double dip tomorrow, and you can catch all the action right here on the Pirates' radio network."

My friends and my granddad were right. The play-by-play men provided a touch of charm that made what has since been described as a dull game anything but that. Those nightly sessions listening to their going, going, gones were more to me than just good company; with some help from Grandy, they taught me the game. And now my wife wonders how a grown man can spend every Monday night of the summer griping about TV's boring analysts with their human-interest shots of the moon. The explanation is simple. I'm a radio man. I guess it's in the blood. END

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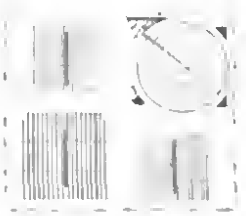
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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week April 4-10

PRO BASKETBALL—As [illegible] of a referees walk out in the playoffs 14 officials struck all eight games on the last day of the regular schedule and were replaced by standby referees from the Eastern League On the court Portland finishing at 49–33 was the only team in the playoffs that had never qualified for postseason play in either the NBA or the ABA The final playoff spot in the Western Conference went to Chicago (44–38) after a spectacular race to the wire during which the Bulls won 20 of their last 24 games The Bulls beat out Seattle (40–42) and Kansas City (40–42) the Kings losing their last six games Los Angeles which didn't even make the playoffs last year had the league's best record 53–29 At the other end the New York Nets last year's ABA champions had the worst record 22–60 Laker Center Kareem Abdul-Jabbar who scored in double figures in every game but one was voted Player of the Year by the NBA players for the fifth time in seven seasons New Orleans Pete Maravich won the scoring crown for the first time with a 31.1 average while the Trail Blazers Bill Walton won the rebounding title with an average of 14.4 And there was good news in Detroit The Pistons welcomed 6'11" Center Bob Lanier back to the lineup after a month's absence because of a broken right hand Detroit was 5–10 without Lanier, but Lanier returned and scored a total of 55 points as the Pistons beat Cleveland and Philadelphia

BOWLING—TOMMY HUDSON of Akron trounced Don Bell 246–194 in the finals of the Fair Lanes Open in Springfield Va Hudson who picked up $8,000 is the only two-time winner on the PBA tour this year

GOLF—TOM WATSON broke a final-round tie with Jack Nicklaus by sinking a 15-foot birdie putt on the 17th hole and went on to a two-stroke victory in the Masters tournament at Augusta Watson fired rounds of 70–69–70–67 for a 12-under-par 276 and collected $40,000 (*page 24*)

HOCKEY—NHL The home-ice advantage meant nothing in the Pittsburgh-Toronto best-of-three preliminary series in the Stanley Cup playoffs as the visitors won all three games The Maple Leafs shocked the Penguins (34–33–13) in the opener at Pittsburgh then the Penguins stayed off elimination by winning 6–4 at Toronto In the decisive game back in Pittsburgh Lanny McDonald scored three goals and had two assists as the Maple Leafs won 5–2 and advanced to the quarterfinals against Philadelphia After seven straight losses in its brief three season playoff history Atlanta finally won a cup game beating Los Angeles to tie their series at 1–1 But the Flames reverted to their losing ways two night later as Butch Goring's hat trick gave the Kings a 4–2 victory and pitted them against Boston in the quarterfinals Buffalo made short work of Minnesota, winning 4–2 and 7–1 The Sabres are now playing the New York Islanders who swept the Chicago Black Hawks 5–2 and 2–1

WHA Edmonton won twice and Calgary got only a tie in two games so Edmonton gained the eighth and final playoff spot by three points Houston finished with the league's best record 50–24–6 and was 33–3–4 at home Quebec's Real Cloutier a 20-year old right wing, became the youngest player to win the scoring title, finishing with 141 points (66 goals and 75 assists) Winnipeg's Anders Hedberg was the leading goal scorer with 70 Houston's goaltending team of Ron Grahame and Wayne Rutledge won the Ben Hatskin Trophy for allowing the fewest goals (241) The AVCO trophy playoffs began in high style as Indianapolis outlasted Cincinnati 4–3 in a five-hour triple-overtime game The Racers Gene Peacosh scored the winning tally after 48:40 of sudden death and 108:40 of play It was the Stingers eighth overtime loss this season In other first round games Quebec beat New England 5–2 and Winnipeg topped San Diego 5–1

HORSE RACING—YAMANIN ($14.20) Garth Patterson [illegible] the saddle won the $125,000 Widener Handicap by three quarters of a length over Romeo at Hialeah Fla The 3-year-old colt was clocked in 2:01⅘ for the 1⅛ miles

SOCCER—The NASL kicked off its 11th season with 18 teams—two fewer than last year—and four relocated franchises Team Hawaii defeated Seattle 1–0 in overtime in the first event in Aloha Stadium The Las Vegas Quicksilvers introduced soccer to Nevada and surprised Pele and the Cosmos 4–0 The Fort Lauderdale Strikers who were the Miami Toros last year edged St Louis 2–1 A standing room crowd of 18,136 turned out in San Jose but the Earthquakes lost to Los Angeles 3–0 as Striker Steven David had two goals

SWIMMING—Eleven American records and two U S open marks were set by the women while the men broke three American records at the AAU short-course indoor meet in Canton Ohio There were four double winners among the women JENNIFER HOOKER of Mission Viejo, Calif in the 500- and 1,650 yard free style JILL STERKEL of El Monte, Calif in the 100- and 200-yard freestyle NANCY GARAPICK of Canada in the 200- and 400-yard individual medley, and TRACY CALLKINS of Nashville in the 100- and 200-yard breaststroke SCOTT SPANN a freshman at Auburn won the 100- and 200-yard freestroke and the 200-yard individual medley while USC's JOHN NABER picked up his 14th and 15th AAU backstroke titles by taking the 100- and 200-yard events

TABLE TENNIS—CHINA beat Japan 5–0 in the men's competition and South Korea 3–0 in women's play to take the team titles in Birmingham England Japan's MITSURU KOHNO upset China's No 1 player Kuo Yao Hua 17–21, 21–9, 21–19, 21–13 to take the singles crown Pak Yung Sun of North Korea remained the women's champion by beating China's Chang Li 21–15, 24–22, 22–20 (*page 74*)

TENNIS—BJORN BORG beat Italy's Corrado Barazzutti 6–3, 7–5, 6–0 in a rain-interrupted match to take $60,000 and the WCT International in Monte Carlo

ILIE NASTASE retained the $100,000 WCT Challenge Cup by beating Jimmy Connors 3–6, 7–6, 6–4, 7–5 in Las Vegas Connors had won 12 straight matches on the Caesars Palace court

TRACK & FIELD—HARVEY GLANCE set a world record in the 100 meter dash running a hand-timed 9.8 in a quadrangular meet at Auburn The former record held by 10 sprinters was 9.9

MILEPOSTS—FIRED MONTE CLARK 40, as coach of the San Francisco 49ers after one season in which the team had an 8–6 record (*page 68*)

NAMED MARQUES JOHNSON UCLA forward as the first recipient of the John R Wooden Award given to the nation's outstanding collegiate basketball player The 6'7" Johnson scored 21.4 points per game to lead the second-ranked Bruins to a 24–5 season

SUSPENDED For 30 days JENNY RANDLE 28 year old second baseman for the Texas Rangers after his assault on Ranger Manager Frank Lucchesi Randle was fined $10,000 and the forfeiture of one month's pay will mean an additional loss of $13,407.90

DIED KARIN KRANTZCKE 30 Australian tennis player and runner-up in the women's doubles at Wimbledon in 1974 of heart failure two hours after winning the doubles final with Kym Ruddell in the Lionel Cup in Tallahassee Fla

CREDITS

19—drawing by Arnold Roth **24,25**—Neil Leifer **26 27**—Manny Millan **28**—Manny Millan **29**—Walter Iooss Jr **30 31**—Fred Kaplan **34,35**—Harry Benson **65**—Landsberg Productions Inc **68**—Mickey Pfleger **72 73 74**—Phil Detsch **80**—Lane Stewart

FACES IN THE CROWD



ROBERT BRINGHURST
TAVERNE CALIF

A 35-year-old fire fighter Bringhurst broke the world all-tackle record for German brown trout by 1 pound, 14 ounces when he landed a 33-pound, 10-ounce specimen on 10-pound-test line in Utah's Flaming Gorge Reservoir



ALLISON JOLLY
ST PETERSBURG FLA

Jolly, who won the women's national collegiate sailing championship for the second straight year has been named Yachtswoman of the Year for 1976 A 20-year-old junior at Florida State Jolly is the youngest person to receive the trophy



MIKE McGEE
OMAHA

A 6'4" forward at Omaha North High, Mike set a state Class A basketball record, scoring 1,595 points in three years He set 12 Metro records, among them points in one game (54) points in one season (916) and career scoring average (23.45)



DEBRA RANKIN
PHILLIPS TEXAS

A 6-foot sophomore forward at Phillips High Debra averaged 41 points a game and led her basketball team to a 30–7 record and a Class A tournament berth Named all-state Debra had a career high of 73 points against Mansfield High



DAVE BAKOWSKI
PHILADELPHIA

A center for the Gladiator Squirts of South Jersey, Dave 10, scored 104 points (73 goals 31 assists) in 44 hockey games this year He had eight goals in one 9–3 win, including three in 15 seconds and three more in 22 seconds



RAY FINCH
WESTMINSTER MD

Ray 17 has compiled an 85–4 record in four years of wrestling for Westminster High He has been state champion twice, at 138 pounds and 155 pounds As a tailback for the 10–2 Owls last fall, he rushed for 1,005 yards and 16 touchdowns



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19TH HOLE
THE READERS TAKE OVER

WINDUP IN ATLANTA

Sir,

You gave proper tribute in your NCAA basketball finals story to a man who made believers out of many skeptics (*Al, You Went Out in Style*, April 4) Talk about style At one point in the game, North Carolina's Phil Ford drove for a layup and wound up deep in the seats behind the basket. As Marquette brought the ball up, McGuire rose from the bench and told the officials to halt play until Ford could get back on the floor. I have seen a million games, but never do I recall a coach, even in a less important game, exhibiting that type of sportsmanship

JIM GARRETSON
Jackson, Tenn

Sir

I had expected to find a picture of Al McGuire on the cover, but instead I found one of Butch Lee Don't take me wrong, I am a diehard Marquette fan and I think Lee is the best guard in the nation, but not to have Al McGuire on the cover is like not having a shark on the cover of *Jaws*

THOMAS GRAF
Brookfield, Wis

Sir

How fitting it is that you printed a feature story on Al McGuire way back at the beginning of the basketball season (SI, Nov. 29). No one could have asked for a better ending than for him and his Warriors to become national champions in his last year after having had that goal elude them for 13 seasons

BARRY SATTLER
Milwaukee

Sir

The way you described North Carolina Coach Dean Smith's blunder in the NCAA championship was extremely benevolent With his team overcoming a 12-point deficit and on the way to crushing disoriented Marquette, Smith brilliantly called for the four-corner offense—and lost the momentum that could have led to the crown

If this man is Coach of the Year, college basketball is in deep trouble

ROBERT J TAYLOR
Glendale, Calif

Sir

Dean Smith, go stand in one of your four corners.

MARTY LARSON
Fort Thomas, Ky

Sir

Without question, Al McGuire deserves accolades. However, some mention should have been made of the expertise exhibited by Dean Smith, who guided his team to the finals despite a key injury (Tommy LaGarde), inexperience (two freshman starters) and less individual talent and size than other teams in the NCAA tournament

SCOTT A WAGNER
Grand Rapids

Sir

Granted, Marquette played a fine game and defeated North Carolina, but your statement that North Carolina was outhustled and outplayed by Marquette is pure bull. Take, for example, Carolina's second-half comeback, where Marquette was outscored 14–2 Remember that North Carolina was playing without Tommy LaGarde, and with Phil Ford and Walter Davis at less than 100% And they still nearly took the tournament

LEWIS BARNETT
BIZZY TIENCKEN
JAY PARKER
JACK SNYDER
Charleston, S C

Sir

In the semifinal game between Marquette and UNCC, didn't anybody besides me see offensive interference by Marquette's Jerome Whitehead on the last-second play? In my opinion, the ball bounced off the backboard and hit Whitehead's hand, which was above the rim and practically inside the basket, then went through the basket Each time I've seen a replay, I've seen the same thing I guess everybody was too engrossed with the clock.

RON MORGAN
Los Angeles

Sir

In that big picture where you show '01. Maxwell is guilty of goaltending because his hand is touching the ball

TIM BAYERL
Menominee, Mich

BULLISH IN CHICAGO

Sir

I am glad to see Norm Van Lier of the Chicago Bulls receive some attention, as he is one of the best defensive guards in the NBA (*A Toddling Team on a Rampage*, April 4)

QUINTON D. BARRETT
Davison, Mich

THE BADGER GAME

Sir

Thanks for your article on Wisconsin's NCAA hockey champs (*Revelry in the Morgue*, April 4) It was an excellent job of portraying a true championship team and its fans.

DAN BAUER
LaCrosse, Wis.

continued

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Sir:

As a Michigan native who has migrated to Texas, I was furious after reading Peter Gammons' story. To say Michigan "needed four cheap goals and a questionable referee's call" was cheap journalism. In the finals Michigan was definitely the underdog against a team that deserved the national championship. For the Wolverines to be down in the final game 3–0 and 5–2, and then to rally to send the game into overtime—that was class. If the word "cheap" is to be used in the story, consider the situation in the semifinals. Wisconsin 3, New Hampshire 3 in overtime and the Badgers' winning goal coming directly from the face-off. No goalie who is worth his weight in wet pads would let in a goal from a face-off shot.

SKIP DU CHARME
Austin, Texas

Sir:

Your article depicted the fanatical attitude of some Badger fans—no, of all of them. Win, lose or draw, Wisconsin's hockey team has always led the nation in attendance, even through last year's disappointments. The team is tops, the fans the greatest! Gammons was writing about what went on in Detroit, but he could have written very nearly the same article about any given weekend in Madison.

RICHARD D. LUTZ
West Allis, Wis.

Sir:

I was disappointed with the small amount of space you afforded the NCAA hockey championships. As usual, the hoop got the cover, plus color photos, plus opening article, while the puck was shoved in the back pages with one black-and-white photo.

PETER TAYLOR
La Farge, Wis.

Sir:

What a pleasure it was to see both major universities from my home state come away with national championships within a two-day period. Here's hoping that Wisconsin and Marquette can repeat this feat next year.

THOMAS H. NORMAN
Westland, Mich.

A-OKAYE

Sir:

Your article about Danny Kaye (*A Lot of Person*, April 4) portrays him as the humanitarian he really is—a man of himself but, most of all, of others. Thanks to Ron Fimrite for the story, and good wishes to the Seattle Mariners in their first year and to Danny Kaye. May you learn and prosper from each other. No one is more deserving.

JON COLMAN
Babson Park, Mass.

Sir:

With all the talk of owners selling and buying teams, it is really refreshing to see Danny Kaye in baseball.

GERRY LARAMIE
Plattsburgh, N.Y.

Sir:

Not only has Danny Kaye played the Walter Mitty role to perfection on the screen, but he is also indulging in a Mittyesque dream by becoming one of the owners of the Mariners. One has to envy this Walter Mitty fantasy come true.

STEVEN FREEDMAN
Mount Vernon, N.Y.

IN THE SWIM

Sir:

Joe Bottom, John Naber and Dave Fairbank deserve the coverage you gave them in your April 4 story on the NCAA swimming championships (*Bottom Was on Top in Very Fast Company*). However, they were but three of the 10 individual swimmers to break NCAA records. You noted that Bottom was the first to swim the 50-yard free-

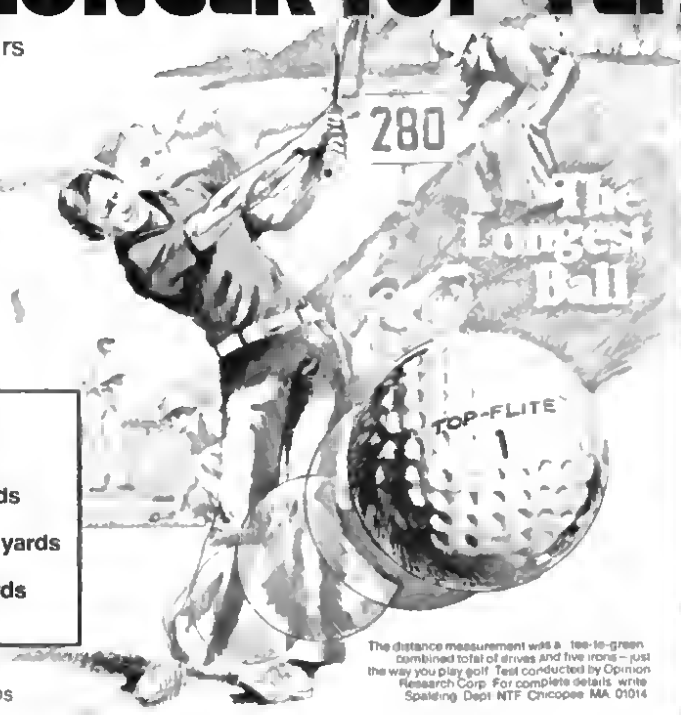
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style under 20 seconds. This may be true, but this accomplishment was lessened considerably when Auburn's Gary Schatz also went under 20 seconds on the same day.

The most impressive swim of the meet was Alabama freshman Casey Converse's 1,650-yard freestyle. He became the first to break the 15-minute barrier in the event, with a 14:57.3. Now that's an accomplishment!

And how could you not have mentioned California freshman Graham Smith's victories in the 100- and 200-yard breaststroke? Or Stanford Olympian Mike Bruner's 200-yard butterfly? Or Auburn freshman Scott Spann's 200-yard individual medley?

While Southern California walked away with the title, you failed to note the teams battling for second place. Well, Alabama finished second, Tennessee third, Indiana fourth, and Auburn fifth. With three Southeastern Conference teams finishing in the top five, the SEC could be replacing the Pac Eight as the premier swimming conference in the nation.

TOMMY FORD
Sports Editor, *Crimson White*
University of Alabama
University, Ala.

HORSEY SET

Sir:

In your article on Seattle Slew (*Bound For Glory and a Wreath of Roses*, April 4) you say that he is better than Secretariat was at the same time because Secretariat had already lost one race, and Slew is undefeated. You didn't mention that the race Secretariat lost was his first ever and that he was bumped badly coming out of the starting gate. He finished strongly and, had he not been bumped, would probably have won the race. So Seattle Slew is probably not any better than Secretariat.

MARY ALVIS
Duncanville, Texas

Sir:

Thoroughbred owners never ought to be allowed to name their own horses.

Secretariat really brings to mind a dignified business office and not one of the greatest runners of all time. Now we have a potential Derby winner who will remind us of a swamp.

BERT LERNO
Bellefontaine, Ohio

ALT BEER

Sir:

My wife and I enjoyed the article and pictures on the International Cross-Country Championship held in Düsseldorf (*Creating a Flemish Masterpiece*, April 4). We recently moved back to the U.S. after living in Düsseldorf for four wonderful years and we are still homesick for our friends there.

One suggestion: the American men's team need not have been intimidated by the famed Königsallee. They could have gone where the real Düsseldorfers and thousands of tourists from all parts of the continent go every year—to the *Altstadt* (Old Town), a five-minute walk from the *Kö*. There you can get a glass of beer for as little as 40¢, and the atmosphere is hearty and real. By the way, and most important, that dark German beer described in Kenny Moore's first paragraph is called *Alt* and is the best beer in the world. Germans come from far and wide to drink it. It is brewed only in Düsseldorf. My mouth waters just thinking about it.

KENNETH A. LEVY
Alexandria, Va.

SHOW-BIZ UMP

Sir:

When Danny Kaye's show-biz types play Roy Clark's Tulsa Drillers (SCORECARD, April 4) they will need an umpire.

I nominate Art Passarella, the retired American League ump who has been working off and on in show business for the last 20 years.

Art, who admits to being a ham as an umpire, has been Karl Malden's stand-in on *The Streets of San Francisco* and occasionally shows up wearing the blue uniform of a San Francisco police sergeant on the series.

CLIFF DEKTAR
North Hollywood, Calif.

CLOCKWORK

Sir:

Those who assert that a 30-second clock in basketball would make a "run and gun" ball game (19TH HOLE, April 4) don't have the data to back them up. Teams nowadays usually shoot within 10 to 15 seconds—even without a clock. Theoretically, if each team shot at the 30th second and made 40% of its shots, 64 points—from 32 field goals—would be scored between the two teams, far below average.

It would be interesting if a league would keep statistics as to how many times a year its teams took more than 30 seconds to shoot, except in obvious stalling situations. When a team does take 30 seconds, it usually is because of good defense, which should be rewarded.

The recent NCAA final, in which North Carolina—having tried the stall without success—had to foul to try and stay in the game, was strategy dictated by the rules, but it sure wasn't basketball.

EDWARD MCCLOY
Uncasville, Conn.

SPORTSMAN

Sir:

There should be little controversy over who deserves the 1977 Sportsman of the Year award. The accolade belongs to the person who has the talent to dominate all sports. I therefore nominate George Washington, the ubiquitous face on the omnipotent dollar bill.

WILLIAM G. CALLAHAN
Boulder, Colo.

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